

COMMENT OF
THE DAY

Persian Oil

Dr. Mossadegh's stubborn refusal to accept a compromise to his original nationalisation ultimatum to the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company in 1951 has cost Persia an estimated \$210 million in oil revenues in the last three years. It has taken that country to the verge of economic ruin and only a miracle has kept it from falling into the hands of the Tudeh (Communist) Party. The Persians can thank their lucky stars for two things: (1) the advent of their new Premier, Zahedi who was realistic enough to accept negotiation with the Western oil companies as the only solution to the country's dilemma and (2) the sheer benevolence of the West to conclude the agreement announced on Thursday. For America, which was represented in the negotiations by five of its biggest oil companies, is hard hit by an oil glut at the moment and its companies have been cutting back production for many months to check the accumulation of unsold stocks. Since Dr. Mossadegh's first exhibition of truculence in 1951 there has been a considerable expansion in the output of other oil fields, particularly in the Middle East. And the Anglo-Iranian Company, to compensate itself for the loss of Abadan, built a \$50 million plant at Aden which has just started to process crude oil from the Kuwaiti Sheikdom. But the West's decision to accept Zahedi's oil terms was based on its desire for more stable and tranquil conditions in the Middle East. Anglo-Iranian can hardly claim a triumph in the conclusion of the agreement. It is to get \$25 million compensation in ten equal instalments. In addition, to compensate the company for future loss of profits Anglo-Iranian gets a 40 per cent interest in the oil Consortium which will redevelop and market Persian oil, and will receive payment from the other members of the Consortium for the remaining 60 per cent interest. Persia's economic recovery now appears assured. Initially it will probably receive American aid. Britain has lifted restrictions on the use of sterling and Persia therefore now enjoys the benefits of the new transferable account system. In addition Persia will receive about \$150 million in oil revenues in the first three years of oil operations.

E.D.C. RESULT LIKELY THIS MONTH

Crucial Debate To Begin On August 24

Paris, Aug. 6. The French Premier, Pierre Mendes-France, today made another "date with destiny" when he accepted August 24 for the beginning of a momentous debate on the European Army, which for over two years, no French Government has dared to submit for ratification. It thus seems certain that by the end of this month France will have accepted, rejected or amended the EDC treaty. France may then for better or worse have consented to share control of her armed forces with the governments of five other European nations, including Western Germany. The crucial debate which may last a week, will be the Premier's toughest test since he beat his Indo-China peace deadline on July 20.

Before the great debate begins, the Premier will meet the foreign ministers of the other five EDC nations (West Germany, Italy, Belgium, Holland and Luxembourg) in Brussels on August 19 and 20. He will tell them his compromise proposal and will urge that their agreement to adopt these modifications too. The French Parliament to adopt European Army scheme. At present nobody, including the Premier himself, knows exactly what he will propose. Partisans of the existing treaty with its supranational control scheme claimed today in the Assembly lobbies that the changes proposed by M. Mendes-France would be relatively unimportant. They would allow the best part of the French army to be integrated in a supranational organisation controlled by an international committee of officials whose oath of loyalty would be given to the European Defence Community instead of their own respective governments.

Opponents of EDC including the Gaullists, dissident Gaullists, certain Radicals led by Veterans statesman Edouard Herriot and 40 to 50 of the 104 Socialist deputies are apprehensive. The supranational character of the treaty is to them the most objectionable feature. M. Mendes-France has refused to be drawn on his intentions. He was asked in the Assembly today whether the debate fixed

for August 24 would be specifically a debate for or against ratification of EDC. The questioners were trying to force the Premier to show his hand. But he refused to give a simple yes or no answer to the question. What he said was that the Assembly would debate: THREE QUESTIONS: 1. The conclusions of the reports on EDC, adopted by the Foreign Affairs and the National Defence Commissions of the Assembly (both are hostile to EDC). 2. Any counter proposals that might be submitted to the Assembly. The Premier did not commit himself to submitting any counter proposals himself and here again left the situation as non-committal as possible. 3. European problems as a whole. This reply was interpreted as meaning that the EDC debate would not necessarily have to end in a showdown vote for or against ratification and that the Premier was leaving himself free to determine the exact nature of the debate at a later time, probably after the six-nation meeting in Brussels. His own EDC proposals must be ready in six days' time. The five other EDC governments have expressed the desire to receive these proposals a week ahead of the Brussels meeting on August 19.—Reuter.

Yangtze Still Rising

London, Aug. 6. The Yangtze River rose to nearly three feet above its all-time high level record at three o'clock this afternoon and is still rising, the New China News Agency stated. The height recorded at Wuhang—the name given to the three neighbouring cities of Hankow, Hanyang and Wuchang—this afternoon was 29.21 metres (95 feet 10 inches), 0.93 metre (about three feet) above the record. The three towns stand at the confluence of the Han river with the Yangtze.—Reuter.

Hongkong Beaten In Bowls

Vancouver, Aug. 6. South Africa beat Hongkong 21-18 in a vital match today of the rink bowls competition in the British Empire and Commonwealth Games. The win put the South Africans at the head of the standings with six wins and one tie. It was Hongkong's first defeat after six straight victories. Hongkong scored four shots on the 15th end to break a 14-14 deadlock and take an 15-14 lead. It looked as if Hongkong was not for its seventh triumph but the Springboks came back with Wilfred Randall, the skip, scoring four shots on the 15th end after Raoul de Lux, Hongkong skip, had faltered for practically the first time in the tournament.—Reuter.

No Hurry To Return Russian Tanker

Taipei, Aug. 6. The Nationalist Chinese have decided to delay the release of Russia's tanker Tauspe for a longer period than earlier planned mainly because the Communists were so rude in their protest. It was learned today. The ship was seized by the Nationalist Navy while en route to Shanghai and the Russians had fired off violent protests to the United States over the matter. The Nationalists had taken full blame and left it at that.—United Press.

FAMOUS DIONNE QUIN DEAD

Emilie's Sudden Illness

North Bay, Ontario, Aug. 6. Emilie, one of the world famous Dionne Quintuplets, died suddenly of a stroke today. Her four sisters were deeply shaken. The Dionne Quintuplets were 20 last May.

Emilie had been spending a month of her summer school holiday with a new religious community of sisters at a convent in Sainte Agathe. There was a possibility that she would have entered the convent as a nun this autumn.

Fr. Lafranche, parish priest, was with the Dionne family this afternoon, comforting the girl's grief-stricken mother.

CONFUSED

Last month another sister, Marie, returned from life in a convent "confused and homesick," according to her brother-in-law.

She entered the cloister of les Servantes du Tres St. Sacrament last November. This was the first time any of the sisters—Emilie, Nicolet, Yvonne, Annette and Cecile—had been away from the family.

ONE OF TWO SETS The Dionnes were one of the only two sets of quintuplets known to medical history to have lived more than a short time after birth.

The other surviving quintuplets are the Diligentes of Argentina, now aged 11 years. The Dionnes were born to a lowly French Canadian farmer's wife in a small cottage at Chateaufort on May 28, 1894.—Reuter.

Political Asylum For Stowaway

London, Aug. 6. The British Home Office announced tonight that Antoni Klimowicz, the Polish stowaway taken off a Polish freighter in the Thames five days ago, had been granted political asylum.

The Home Office statement said the Home Secretary, Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, had decided to cancel the control limiting the period of the Pole's stay in Britain.

Klimowicz, 29, had been granted permission to remain in the country one week after he was taken off the 3,210-ton Jaroslav Dabrowski by a posse of police last weekend. The statement added: "Klimowicz is therefore at liberty to stay in this country in the same way as any other alien upon whose stay no time limit has been imposed."—Reuter.

Octuplets Hoax Bus Driver Wanted More Business

Manila, Aug. 6. Reports of the birth of octuplets to a Filipino mother turned out to be a hoax believed to have been perpetrated by a private bus operator seeking to boost sickle business, police officials said here. The director of the hospital where the miracle birth was reported to have occurred denied the birth of octuplets and even said that no birth had been recorded in the hospital at the hour claimed. The police are searching for the bus driver.—France-Press.

SEATO Boundaries Defined

Washington, Aug. 6. The United States Secretary of State, Mr. John Foster Dulles, has proposed that Burma and the non-Communist areas of Indo-China should be included in the area to be protected by a Southeast Asian defence organisation (SEATO) against Communist aggression. It was disclosed today. Mr. Dulles made the proposal when he appeared at a private meeting of the Senate Appropriations Committee on July 31. His testimony was released today.

Plans for setting up SEATO are now in progress between the United States and its Western and Asian allies. A formal treaty conference is expected to be held in the Philippines early next month. Mr. Dulles told the Committee he believed there was a good chance of preventing a "major disaster" following the loss of northern Vietnam in Indo-China to the Vietminh.

BUILD A DIKE

He said the Allies should erect a "dike" around Vietnam and draw a defence line "on which we can say that the transgression of this line will be something to which we will react." "I hope we will be able to draw a line which will run north of Burma; include all of Laos and Cambodia and Vietnam south of the partition line at the 17th parallel," he added. "The desire to which these nations themselves are entitled, to defend their own territory militarily in a pact as far as is concerned by the armistice terms."—Reuter.

Supersonic In Level Flight

Paris, Aug. 6. A fourth French jet fighter has broken the sound barrier, this time in level flight. The plane, a Garfaud, achieved the feat at an altitude of about 34,000 feet over Istres on Tuesday. It was announced by the French Society for the Study and Construction of Special Aeronautical Materials here today. It is believed that this is the first time in the world that a plane has broken the sound barrier with only the normal propulsion powers and without any special apparatus to boost its propulsion power.—France-Press.

No Quarantine For J. Frederick Muggs

They'll Treat You Like A Man Here!

By A Staff Reporter

When chimpanzee star, J. Fred Muggs, arrives in Hongkong on Monday he will suffer no indignities as far as quarantine officials are concerned—for they see no reason why he should be locked up.

The senior Veterinary Officer, Lt Colonel J. C. Rix told the China Mail last night that dogs brought in by overseas visitors were quarantined because there was a fear of introducing rabies in the Colony.

But not chimps. Animals of the monkey family are carried around the streets by beggars. They hop across the border whenever they feel like it—so why should J. Fred be singled out?

And after all he's British—oven though he's become a naturalised American. He was born in West Africa in the British Cameroons.

If ever a chimp has suffered indignities—it's been J. Fred. He was captured in a net. Sold—sold, mind you—for U.S.\$4000. Then in Rome, only a short while ago, the Italian Railways said he was a "ferocious beast" and wouldn't let him ride in a train unless he was firmly



MUGGS

crated. Muggs in a crate? Whoever heard of it. And then the Superintendent of Fine Arts in that same place

said no pictures could be taken of Muggs with the city's monuments as background.

Well Muggs won't find any fooling restrictions like that here.

J. Fred (no one seems to know what the "J" stands for) hit the headlines last year when he appeared in a sponsor's advertisement in between-rush films of the Coronation on an American television network. That made London sit up and complain. Trouble seems to dog the poor chimp everywhere.

Now he's on a round-the-world goodwill tour for the American TV industry, sent by his employers, the National Broadcasting Company. He is expected to arrive with his co-workers, Roy, Walston, and Bud Mennella, on Monday for a short visit and a quick look at us.

FLY PAL TO MANILA
4 FLIGHTS WEEKLY
Flights every Tuesday, Friday and Saturday leave Hong Kong at 1 p.m. and arrive in Manila at 3 p.m. local time. Flights leaving Hong Kong 4 p.m. Thursday arrive in Manila at 6 p.m. local time.
PAL
PAN AMERICAN AIRLINES

The additive of proved value to your car
SHELL WITH ICA
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ONLY SHELL HAS I.C.A.
SHELL MOTOR OILS

Thirst for Knowledge
Solewiner between boiling point and freezing point lies cooling point. A Mr. Fahrenheit has charted the first two, but the last as far as we know, has never been defined. The only cooling point is to take a long cold glass of beer. Line juice in the hot, sunny heat, then, when the backwash and cooling the eye, for the glass of beer is so simple that the thing is almost down the parched throat. At some point in this operation a delicious sense of well-being will pervade the body. This, gentlemen, is cooling point, and cannot be measured in Fahrenheit or Centigrade—only in Beer.



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A FRENCH FILM WITH ENGLISH SUBTITLES

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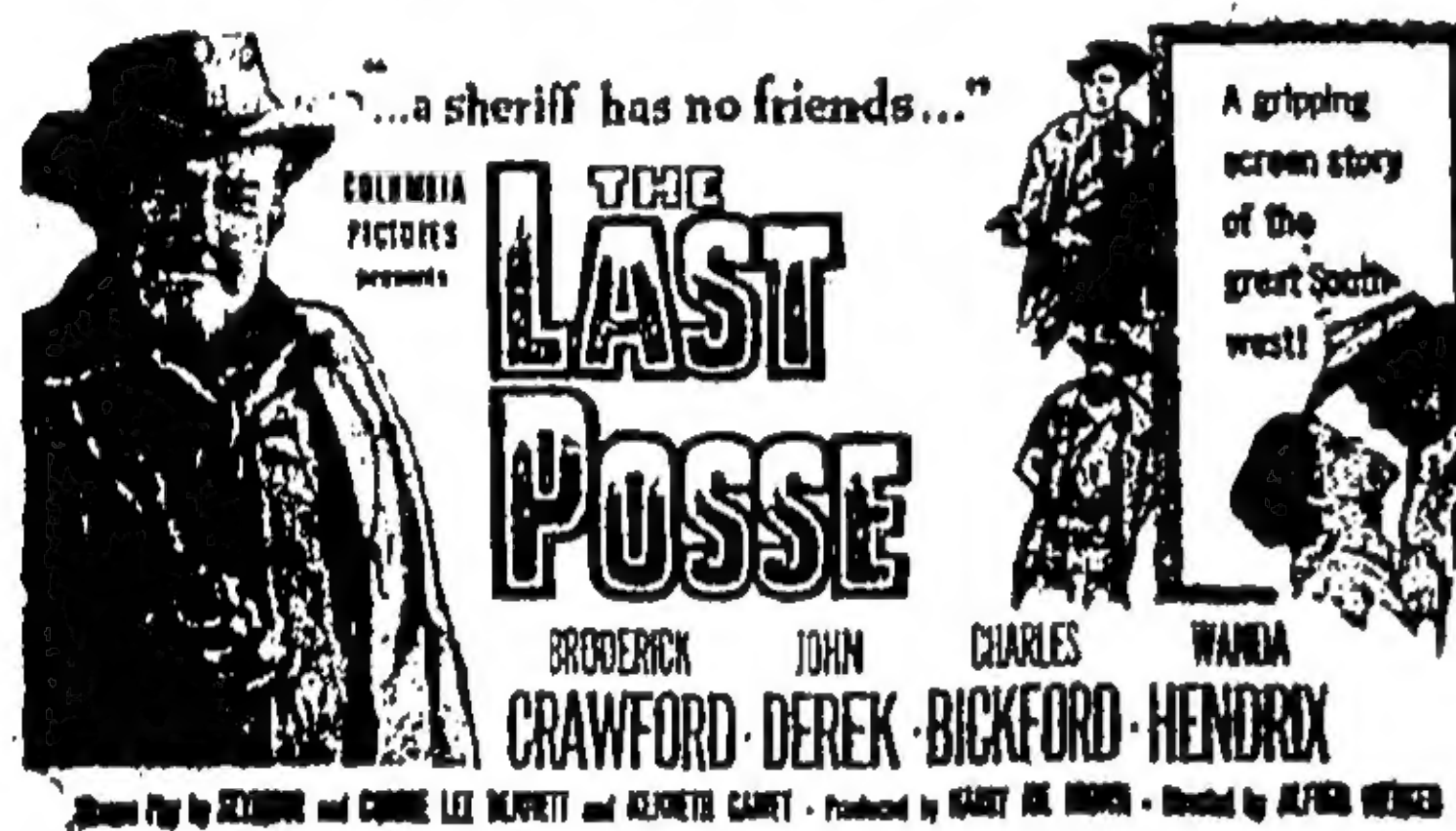
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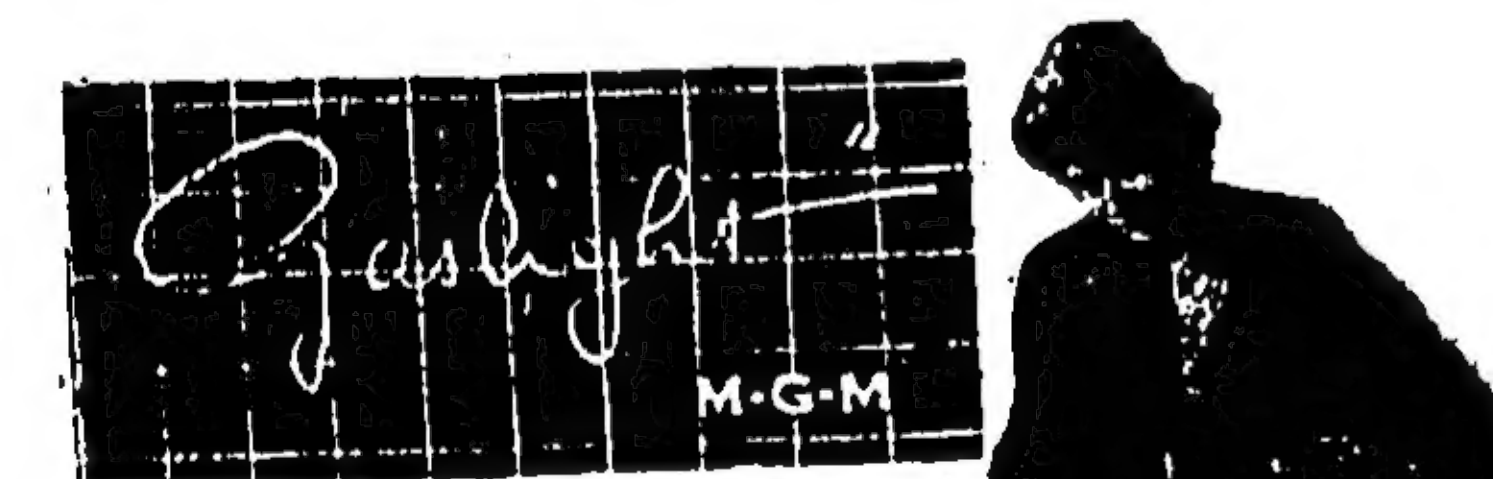
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Your favourite Stars
INGRID BERGMAN
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SUNDAY MORNING SHOW AT 12.30 P.M.
M-G-M's Technicolor Production

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DEBBIE REYNOLDS
DONALD O'CONNOR in
"I LOVE MELVIN"

At Reduced Prices

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JANE POWELL
FARLEY GRANGER in
"SMALL TOWN GIRL"



SHOWING
TO-DAY



FILMS—CURRENT AND COMING

By JANE ROBERTS

During the week-end and next week the EMPIRE is bringing back two films already shown here. "FLAT TOP" is on today and it'll be followed by "THE GLASS MOUNTAIN".

The CAPITOL too has a re-issue—the classic "GASLIGHT".

At the KING'S and PRINCESS they are showing "SKY COMMANDO" and then Broderick Crawford and Charles Bickford battle it out in "THE LAST POSSE".

To follow "THE GLASS WEB" at the LEE and GREAT WORLD there's a French picture called "L'AVENTURIERE DU TCHAD", with "BORDER RIVER" succeeding it.

"ANNA" is the ROXY and BROADWAY's show, with Silvana Mangano, and the HOOPER's programme is "ROBINSON CRUSOE", followed by "99 RIVER STREET".

"THE HIGH AND THE MIGHTY", about which I told you last week, has moved into the QUEEN'S and the ALHAMBRA and the managements there are putting on after it "THE MIAMI STORY".

Most people remember "THE GLASS MOUNTAIN" by the music from it. To refresh your memories, the players were Michael Denison and Dulcie Gray as the young composer and his wife.

The "other woman" he meets in Italy is Valentina Cortese, and Tito, the opera singer fighting for the partisans during the war sequences, is the famous operatic baritone, Tito Gobbi. He actually was a member of the Italian Resistance Movement and Dulcie Gray is also Michael Denison's wife in real life.

The CATHAY showed the Swedish picture "THE SURF" during the week, starring Ingrid Bergman and the CAPITOL are also featuring this actress. "GASLIGHT" is quite an old film, but well worth re-visiting. Charles Boyer is with Ingrid Bergman as the scheming husband who attempts to drive her mad by suggesting that she really is insane, while the man who comes to her rescue is Joseph Cotton.

In "SKY COMMANDO" we have something of the same ingredients as in "FLAT TOP". It's centred around the tough commander, disliking and misused by his subordinates, who wins their admiration as the picture draws to a close.

Dan Durvey is the Colonel in charge of the jet aircraft featured in the film, with Frances Gifford as a war correspondent in love with Durvey's second in command.

SHEER ABILITY
And so to "THE LAST POSSE". Broderick Crawford, let me admit at the outset, is one of my favourites. Not for looks of course, but for sheer acting ability.

In whatever part he appears he seems right. He always manages to convey the impression of having studied the character from every possible angle and to have got completely inside it.

In talking about the post-"ALL THE KING'S MEN" Broderick Crawford, naturally. Until his vivid portrayal of the wily politician in that picture, his appearance in "B" pictures as the leader of the bad men wasn't noteworthy, merely routine. But since then, anything he appears in causes interest.

He's a sheriff in "THE LAST POSSE". Once a strong man, strong drink has been his downfall and the very town to which he's been instrumental in bringing law and order has turned on him. His chance to regain

something of his former glory comes when a wealthy cattle rancher, played by Charles Bickford, organises a posse to lynch three men who've robbed him.

Crawford's monumental effort to gather his drink-soaked will together to stop the killing is the motivating force behind the film. A good action picture, this, with in addition to Broderick Crawford and Charles Bickford, John Deek ("AMBUSH AT TOMAHAWK GAP") and Wanda Hendrix.

NO COY FLUTTERING
What I like about most French films is their realistic attitude to the more natural manifestations of love. There's no coy fluttering round the subject and any of those silly little faces in which two young people sigh their hearts out at different sides of a door, are if made in France at all, made for export only. I'm sure.

The controversial part is usually practically stated, accepted, and then the more serious business of motives and practical living is explored.

And it isn't lack of sensitivity on the part of French film makers. For sheer subtlety they leave us all standing—Americans and English. It's just that they deal with the essential things so much more clearly and don't build a towering skyscraper of sentiment on the vapourings of adults with adolescent mentalities.

I'm thinking particularly of the LEE's new picture "THE AFRICAN ADVENTURES".

The two stars are both very beautiful people. Madeleine Lebeau's features are pretty nearly perfect and Jean Danet

will be as attractive to female audiences as Mlle. Lebeau is to the males. It's a story with plenty of movement in it—you're taken to gambling clubs in the South of France, to Central Africa (and a very authentic looking Central Africa it is too—no painted backdrops here) and they even manage to squeeze in water skiing at Juan-les-Pins.

DELICATELY DONE
Madeleine Lebeau, with the innocent face belied by the look in her eyes, is a gambler by nature. Her expression conveys perfectly the knowledge of her ability to capture any man she wants. It's as delicately done that the hip-swinging stream constantly parades before us as the last word in seductive language look like blatant barmaids by comparison.

Her affairs with Jean Danet is the natural outcome of two attractive people being thrown together in the luxury of the South of France with nothing to do but enjoy themselves.

He has come back from the war restless and determined to make up for the six years' constraint—naturally fair game for the lovely Fanny Lacour, a typical product of the war. We see nothing of her background, but good breeding is suggested in her appearance and mannerisms.

The feeling of instability that afflicts so many people who grew out of their teens as the war ended is apparent in all Fanny's gestures.

COMBUSTIBLE
Combustible is the word for these two. Fanny is not a good proposition for any but a very strong

man and Alia, played by Jean Danet, is certainly not that. He allows himself to be lured into Fanny's gambling spree—and very soon is deeply in debt.

Both of them have been playing for far too high stakes and have lost. Unsuccessful Alia is shipped off to a plantation in French Equatorial Africa as a lorry driver. His father pays his debts on the understanding that he will not see Fanny again.

It's far too early for Fanny to fade out of the film, of course, and back she comes again, rising trouble for him in his new surroundings.

There are some gruesome shots of natives greedily slicing off hunks of elephant meat from a newly killed animal that made me feel slightly ill, but I must admit that the natives themselves were beautifully photographed.

The camera managed to capture too the intense softness of the country—you could almost feel the dust and heat and consequent restlessness of the plantation workers. Fanny is just the least needed to touch off an explosion.

MORE STETSONS
More stetsons in "BORDER RIVER"—this time they're worn by Joel McCrea and Pedro Armendariz. We last saw the latter as Cesare Borgia, brother of the lovely Lorraine who lent her name to the film of that name. His back in his own part of the world in "BORDER RIVER"—down Mexico way in a bandit's hideout called Zona Libre.

That chero-useful Civil War between the North and the South is drawing to a close when Joel McCrea tries to buy arms and ammunition from Armendariz for the Confederate Army.

The cash he's using is a matter of two million dollars stolen from the Union Forces and Armendariz thinks that it'll be a simple matter to get Captain Madison and the gold without going through the formality of handing over the ammunition.

He's reckoned without his girl friend, Yvonne de Carlo, though, a determined girl is little Yvonne and it's she who saves the day for McCrea—changing her affection in mid-stream from Armendariz to the southerner.

AT ONLY 17
I was interested to see, among the notes I've received on "ANNA", that she was only 17 when she appeared in "BITTER RICE". She certainly gave the impression of knowing a great deal more about life than is usual for a 17-year-old.

Again in "ANNA" she's a worldly-wise—or rather has been in her past. It's been hard enough for her to try to expiate her sins by becoming a nun, specialising in hospital work.

Vittorio Gassman is the man she was infatuated with before going to the hospital and it's the scenes from this part of her life, in which she was a night club dancer, opportunity for dancing and singing that fascinating number "Anna"—the record's been on sale here for some time.

Poor Gassman is once again a heel, but judging from the number of pictures he's been making, it's a most successful profession.

The background music for "ANNA" is by the composer of the "GLASS MOUNTAIN" score—Nino Rota.

Based on Daniel Defoe's famous book, "THE ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE" will be starting tomorrow at the HOOPER Theatre.

The story of how this fabulous character lived for 28 years on a desert island completely alone but for his friend Friday and a ship's dog has become part of almost every boy's education. The excitement has survived since 1719 when it was first written.

The two main characters in the picture—Crusoe and Friday—are played by Dan O'Herlihy and James Fernandez.

CINEMASCOPE'S ADVANCING TECHNIQUES

A demonstration of the advancing techniques of Cinemascope took place during the week at the ROXY Theatre. A month or so back I attended a demonstration of Perspecta Stereophonic Sound, which is the method adopted by Metro Goldwyn Mayer, Warner Brothers and Paramount Films for their Cinemascope productions; the latest one is Twentieth Century Fox's contribution to the changing face of things.

The first half of the feature consisted of a side by side comparison of 4-track high fidelity magnetic stereophonic sound and 1-track optical sound and it was most effective.

Darryl F. Zanuck, Fox Pictures Vice-President in charge of Production (looking most uncomfortable in front of the camera) explained that his studio had pioneered Cinemascope and that now it was a year old it was time to stand back and take stock.

We were treated to a flash-back to the old single speaker method of sound production, which appears as though every voice came from a single spot on the screen, then to the better single magnetic speaker—the voices, however, still emanating from one place—and finally to the full blast of speakers all over the screen.

For this they used a military band, a train and a flight of jet aircraft. Toning things down a bit after that, Albert Newman put that excellent orchestra he conducts through their paces with Tchaikovsky's Waltz of the Flowers.

The demonstration's object was to show how much better is Stereophonic sound, com-

pared with Cinemascope, than the former single-speaker method—and in this it succeeded, the reason being, of course, that one track optical isn't nearly sufficient to fill the much larger screen.

DEPTH OF FOCUS
From sound we passed to vision and extracts from some future releases were used to draw attention to the depth of focus achieved with the new Cinemascope Anamorphic lens. A picture that looks a "must" (from the short scenes shown from it) is "BROKEN LANCE" with Spencer Tracy as the despicable cattle baron bullying everyone with whom he comes in contact—his sons included.

One scene he plays with his eldest son, Richard Widmark, especially impressed me. It was extremely tense, and to preserve the atmosphere, the camera stayed completely still.

There was no panning from face to face as would have been necessary to catch the expressions if it had been photographed for the old 35 millimetre film. Incidentally, if you're interested in figures, the "wide screen" width to height ratio is 2.35 to 1 and Cinemascope's is 1.85 to 1.

From the "BROKEN LANCE" extracts I'd say that Richard Widmark's acting technique has been advanced. In the scene with Tracy he more than held his own—a difficult feat with an actor of Spencer Tracy's stature.

Going back to the actual mechanics of the film, the cleanness of background figures was readily apparent—mountains 20 miles away from the camera showing up perfectly and even at the sides of the screen there was a sharpness one would not have expected. We've got used to these improvements now, so that to have them pointed out anew was refreshing.

—JANE ROBERTS

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

SPECIAL TIMES TO-DAY

2.30, 5.10, 7.20 & 9.40 p.m. 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 p.m.



THE HIGH AND THE MIGHTY

JOHN WAYNE CLAIRE TREVOR LARAIN DAY ROBERT STACK
IAN STERLING PHIL HARRIS ROBERT NEWTON DAVID BRIAN

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOWS
At 11.30 a.m.

QUEEN'S
5 SHOWS
Extra Performance
"The High and the Mighty"

ALHAMBRA
In Technicolor
"SONS OF THE MUSKETEERS"
Cornel Wilde
Maurice O'Hara
At Reduced Prices!

ROXY & BROADWAY

GRAND OPENING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

The Stars of INTERNATIONAL FAME

Give Their Best Performance of the Year!



Released by 20th Century-Fox
ROXY: To-morrow 5 Shows of "ANNA"
Extra Performance At 12.00 Noon.

BOOK EARLY!
BROADWAY: To-morrow Morning Show At 12.00 Noon
A Selected Programme of Technicolor Cartoons
Presented by 20th Century-Fox
Reduced Admission: \$1.20 & 70 Cts.

HOOPER
LAST DAY
2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

FLIGHT NURSE
JOAN LESLIE FORREST TUCKER
A REMINISCENT FILM

STARTING TO-MORROW SUNDAY

ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE
Based on DANIEL DEFOE'S
Immortal Classic!

Now every thrill comes alive on the screen!

SPECIAL SUNDAY MORNING MATINEE AT 12 NOON
Walt Disney's COLOR CARTOONS
Reduced Admission Prices: \$1.00 & \$1.50

TO-DAY ONLY
MAJESTIC
AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.

EXTRA MORNING SHOWS

At 11.00 a.m. WARNER BROS. TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
At Reduced Prices!

At 12.20 p.m. MURRI Movietone presents
A Super Indian Production
"MAHOGONI"
With BETHAN, KUMAR, KUMAR, KUMAR, KUMAR

At 1.40 p.m. "THE WILD WEST SHOW"

At 2.30 p.m. "THE WILD WEST SHOW"

At 3.40 p.m. "THE WILD WEST SHOW"

At 4.50 p.m. "THE WILD WEST SHOW"

At 6.00 p.m. "THE WILD WEST SHOW"

At 7.10 p.m. "THE WILD WEST SHOW"

At 8.20 p.m. "THE WILD WEST SHOW"

At 9.30 p.m. "THE WILD WEST SHOW"

At 10.40 p.m. "THE WILD WEST SHOW"

At 11.50 p.m. "THE WILD WEST SHOW"

At 1.00 a.m. "THE WILD WEST SHOW"

At 2.10 a.m. "THE WILD WEST SHOW"

At 3.20 a.m. "THE WILD WEST SHOW"

At 4.30 a.m. "THE WILD WEST SHOW"

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

Who Invented The Helicopter? Why, Russia, Of Course!

Moscow.

The Western world has apparently been making another grave mistake in thinking that the helicopter was invented by an Englishman named Brennan, who is given credit by the World Almanac for accomplishing this feat in 1916.

A Russian apparently had the idea 200 years ago.

"Red Star," the official newspaper of the Soviet military forces, explained recently (July 9, 1954). "The idea of a helicopter was conceived long ago. Exactly 200 years ago, the great Russian scientist M. V. Lomonosov built a small flying machine with two propellers, which was the prototype of the modern helicopter."

The article by Guards Colonel P. Prokopenko, added that many Russian scientists and inventors worked on the practical solutions of the problems of the helicopter. A considerable contribution to carrying out the idea of the helicopter was made by the founder of the science of aviation, N. E. Zhukovsky.

[This is apparently a promotion for Zhukovsky, since he has usually been credited with being the father of just the Russian of Soviet science of aviation.] Prokopenko then makes clear that only did a Russian have the idea of a helicopter long before anyone else, but that another early bird Russian actually built a modern whirling four years before poor Brennan yawned and stretched a couple of times and finally got out of bed to put his contraption together.

DID IT FLY? Apparently Not

"One of Zhukovsky's pupils, the present Academician, B. N. Yuriev, built as long ago as 1912 a single propeller helicopter, the design of which has now found the widest application."

This machine, however, apparently couldn't or didn't fly because the article then states: "In 1939 the first Soviet flying helicopter was built at the Central Aero-hydrodynamic Institute, and 'some time later, the flyer, A. M. Cherenukhin, an engineer, rose in it to a record height, 405 metres.'"

Colonel Prokopenko also pointed out a few other interesting things about helicopters. "Soviet people are justly proud that the bold idea of the helicopter has been realised due to the creative efforts of our scientists, engineers and designers."

"The helicopters created in our country are greatly superior to foreign designs."

WONDERFUL PAGE No Mention Of Brennan

"The creation of the helicopter is a wonderful page in the history of aviation."

The Colonel also sternly warns foreign helicopter men that they are being watched by very critical Soviet eyes, particularly when they make claims that aren't completely honest. He says:

"The knowledge of the history of the development of the helicopter has made it possible to appraise critically all that is being done in this field abroad."

"Work, which to a considerable degree merely copies what has already been successfully achieved by Soviet scientists and designers, is being widely published; attempts are made to take advantage of every opportunity for the wide publicising of phony successes; flights with sensational goals are made."

Neither Brennan nor a former Russian who became one of aviation's pioneers in America, Sikorsky, were mentioned in the article.—United Press.

White House Staff Can't Give Interviews

Washington.

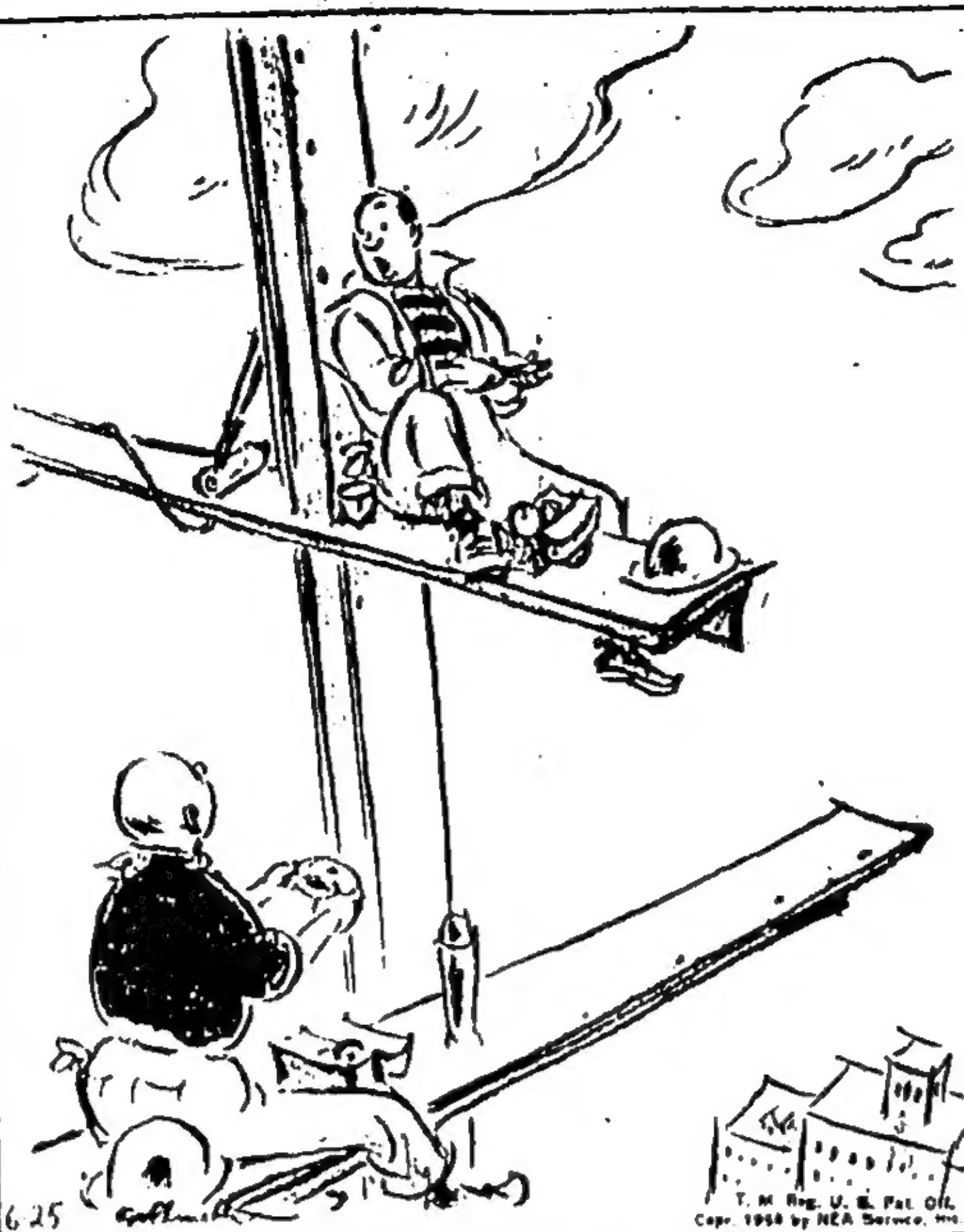
A writer for one of the top national magazines was somewhat shocked the other day when the White House flatly rejected his request to interview a member of the personal staff of the presidential household.

Actually, this is no new policy.

For many years and several administrations, there has been a policy of discouraging publicity for the White House employees whose work is not in the political or administrative field—the cooks, the housekeeper, the gardeners.

The Truman's raised the roof several years ago, when the White House cooks and maids were subjected to interviews and other forms of publicity. It would amount to a President having a life within glass walls and the shades up.—United Press.

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"The doc said if I stay on this diet there's no reason why I shouldn't live to be 80!"

Special Government Pension For A Famous Safe-cracker

Rome.

Natale Papini, Italy's safe-cracking patriot, is back in the news. He did not come back breaking a strong box at night while foolish men slept. He came, instead, breaking the hearts of Italians everywhere, including those in Parliament where Deputy Ettore Viola told the Chamber that Italy's famed and courageous hoodlum-patriot of World War I was today old and penniless at 74.

"To this man many of us owe our lives, honour and unpaid debt," said Viola, asking the government to set up a monthly pension for Papini of 20,000 lire (\$32).

Papini's story leapt above party politics. It so moved the Chamber that even the most cautious-hungry legislators marked the pension request for early action.

His story began in 1916 when Italy was filled with German spies. Almost every day spies were being blown up or trains were being exploded by saboteurs. Thousands of lives

and millions of lire were being lost.

The Italian secret service, at a loss to spot all the spies who appeared to creep out of the nation's wallpaper, finally learned the network was directed from Switzerland by Colonel Rudolph Mayer, an Austrian at Zurich.

LISTS IN SAFE Who Had The Talent?

Colonel Mayer, being unable to contain everything in his head, kept files on his spies in Italy. The files were in a safe in his office.

The problem was to crack Mayer's safe, get his spy list, and swoop down on the agents throughout Italy.

But who had the special talent and courage to crack Mayer's strong-box?

The Leghorn police claimed they had just the man—a light-fingered gent named Papini, fresh out of prison for blowing up a beautiful and supposedly fool-proof safe.

Called before the authorities, Papini now trying to go straight, was a little surprised to find the law asking him to "do a job," yet when he learned it was "a big-time haul" in the service of the country, he quickly agreed—even though aware he would be shot if caught.

"We don't know you, we've never seen you," said Italy's secret police. "But whatever you find in the safe, you can keep excepting the documents we want. All the money, is yours, well wipe out your prison record, exempt you from the draft, and give you a reward."

FALSE PASSPORT 12 Skeleton Keys

"I'll take your word on it," said Papini, leaving with a false passport claiming he was a travelling salesman named Gino Gasparri. He also carried half-a-dozen skeleton keys and other instruments indispensable to his specialised art.

When he finally got inside the Austrian consulate on the night of February 25-26, 1917, Papini found his problems had only begun. To open the safe he had to use an acetylene torch, without allowing its light to shine

He's Told 20,000 How To Train Their Pups

He Lives A Dog's Life And Likes It

New York.

Ed Faust, a kindly, wiry, little man, has led a dog's life multiplied by 20,000 for the last 17 years. He likes it. Even likes the bugs he attracts.

Faust is dog editor of the Elks Magazine. As such, he has received some 20,000 letters from owners about the life and hard times of 20,000 dogs. The readers ask him to solve all kinds of problems suffered by their dogs, including playing host to various bugs.

They send him the bugs, too, pasted on pieces of paper, and ask him to identify them.

He answers each letter and thus finds himself in correspondence with thousands of women. Ninety-five per cent of his letters are from women, he said—"and every woman's dog is the best in the world, the smartest, the most affectionate, no matter whether it's the scrawniest mutt you ever saw."

The most common fault of owners, Faust said, is getting too sentimental about their dogs. Some owners spoil a dog by an excess of kindness, forgetting

that it, like a child, needs firmness also. Indeed, he said, he has known husbands who are jealous of dogs.

"KEEP THEM CONFINED" He has never received a letter from a jealous husband seeking advice and he said he wouldn't know how to answer one, except perhaps to say: "You're lucky she didn't fall in love with another man."

Most of the letters fall into typical patterns. One recent letter said: "Our 'Princely' runs away constantly to stay at a neighbour's house, we are beginning to feel we are not wanted by our dog." Faust's reply was: "Keep your dog confined, and tell your neighbour not to feed him." Faust believes, as do most professional dog writers, that automobile traffic has increased so much everywhere except in some of the sparsely populated western states that it's a cruelty to the dog to let it run loose.

Therefore, he advises keeping dogs confined at all times. Loose dogs, he said, cause at least \$1,000,000 damage a year in America; and in the case of traffic, can be a great danger to the motorist as well as to themselves.

BUCKET OF WATER

But still, he helps persons whose problems concern wandering dogs. One is how to cure them of chasing cars. Faust advises having a car drive slowly past and when the dog gives a chase a person inside throws a bucket of water on it, or hops out suddenly and hits it with a small switch. The dog soon learns that chasing cars is undesirable.

Another problem is dogs that jump up on people. Faust advises grabbing the dog's forelegs and gently stepping on its rear toes. He advises never to get a dog for a young child, under eight years old. He believes the child might be unknowingly cruel.

Faust even tells his readers how to teach their dogs tricks—such as picking out a certain card from others, on the floor. The secret: Put a tiny piece of meat under the card.—United Press.

Tokyo.

A city department store stopped handing out free drinks at a sample cocktail bar after employees in nearby office buildings complained that too many boys were sneaking out for the free sessions and coming back to work tipsy.—United Press.

A SCOOP Network Wiped Out

Papini scooped up everything and hurried back into Italy and then the entire German espionage network was wiped out.

For his courageous action Papini got little. The treasure was taken from him and he was given a mere 55,000 lire (today worth \$88). He was exempt from the draft and told to go home and forget he had ever cracked a safe for himself or for the Government.

He bought an ironmonger's shop, where he eked out a meagre living until, last year, a newspaperman found him sick and no longer able to work. His story about Papini revived interest in the old man, and a film, "Without A Flag," starring Umberto Spadaro as Papini, Paolo Stoppa as Bronzini.

Papini had a brief, highly publicised trip to Rome for the movie premiere, without any money—and then, his meagre lodging and long hours in a sick bed. There he was when Viola pressed him before Parliament, asking the Government to pay off its promise to its now white-haired patriot.

And it appeared to be one debt everyone would gladly pay.—United Press.

A New Hot Water Bottle

Johannesburg.

Six years ago, a Johannesburg man who suffered from cold feet—his wife—set to invent a bed warmer that would stay hot all night without water, and because his wife was afraid of electric bed warmers, without wires.

It seemed an impossible order—but today he is manufacturing his unique bed warmer by the hundreds. It is a long metal cylinder filled with fireclay, sand and plaster of paris, with a coiled element suspended in the mixture. The warmer needs only to be plugged into a power point for four minutes, reaches its maximum warmth, and retains its heat for six hours. It cannot burn the feet or bedclothes, scald or burst like the old-fashioned water bottle.

The inventor, Mr. N.H.J. van Rensburg, will not sell his patent, or consent to the warmer being mass-produced.—United Press.

From Fishing To Moss Harvesting

Dublin.

Hundreds of hardy fishermen-farmers and their families on the rocky South and West coast of Ireland are leaving their farms and fishing boats this month to become operators on a 40,000 dollar legal "black" market.

Every year, from June to September, they concentrate on harvesting Black Carrageen moss—an edible seaweed which grows on rocks near the low water mark on Ireland's Atlantic coast-line. They can earn up to £5 a day harvesting this moss by hand.

For years a forgotten industry, the carrageen business has suddenly boomed with United States food manufacturers as its chief buyers. They use it as a stiffening agent for ice cream and fruit juices and pay up to 75 cents for 14 pounds of the clean, sun-dried, but unbleached black carrageen. They bleach it themselves to suit their own requirement.

FASTER DELIVERIES

Once the men and women who picked it had to do the bleaching—to them a long and sometimes costly process, because rain during the bleaching period would be sufficient to ruin the crop.

Without bleaching, the whole job, from picking to packing takes from three to four days. And deliveries are speeded up. Apart from the newly-found industry of encouraging publicity for the White House employees whose work is not in the political or administrative field—the cooks, the housekeeper, the gardeners.

The Truman's raised the roof several years ago, when the White House cooks and maids were subjected to interviews and other forms of publicity. It would amount to a President having a life within glass walls and the shades up.—United Press.

Dublin: City Of Bells

Dublin.

Ringling bells for fun is not everybody's idea of a hobby. But Dubliners, undoubtedly know, more about bells and bell-ringing, than their counterparts in other cities throughout the world.

In St. Patrick's Cathedral, where Dean Swift wrote his famous books and pamphlets and in nearby Christ Church Cathedral, built by Queen Elizabeth I, are two of the finest bell-peals in Europe.

And it is from Dublin that bells have been sent to grace the bell-towers of churches in many parts of the world. That is why the average Dublin citizen takes more than an academic interest in the music of bells.

Within recent years, this interest has been encouraged in the organisation of regular bell-ringing groups throughout Ireland, and through the visits of bell-ringing teams from Britain and other European countries. "Rings" are arranged—some of them involving 10,000 different changes—and lasting as long as four hours at a time.

Holiday-time is bell-ringing time in Ireland, and for the next few months, carillons of beauty will ring out from the many bell-towers dotting the countryside.

Dublin's tradition in bell-casting goes back to the Fifth Century A.D. when the craft was encouraged by the monks who later founded seats of learning throughout Europe. The records describe Saint Aidan, first Bishop of Cannaught, as "priest and bell-founder."

The bells and chimes cast in Dublin have a world-wide reputation for their musical qualities and rich mellow tones. They have been made for churches in the United States, Canada, Newfoundland, South Africa, New Zealand, India, Trinidad and Grenada.—United Press.

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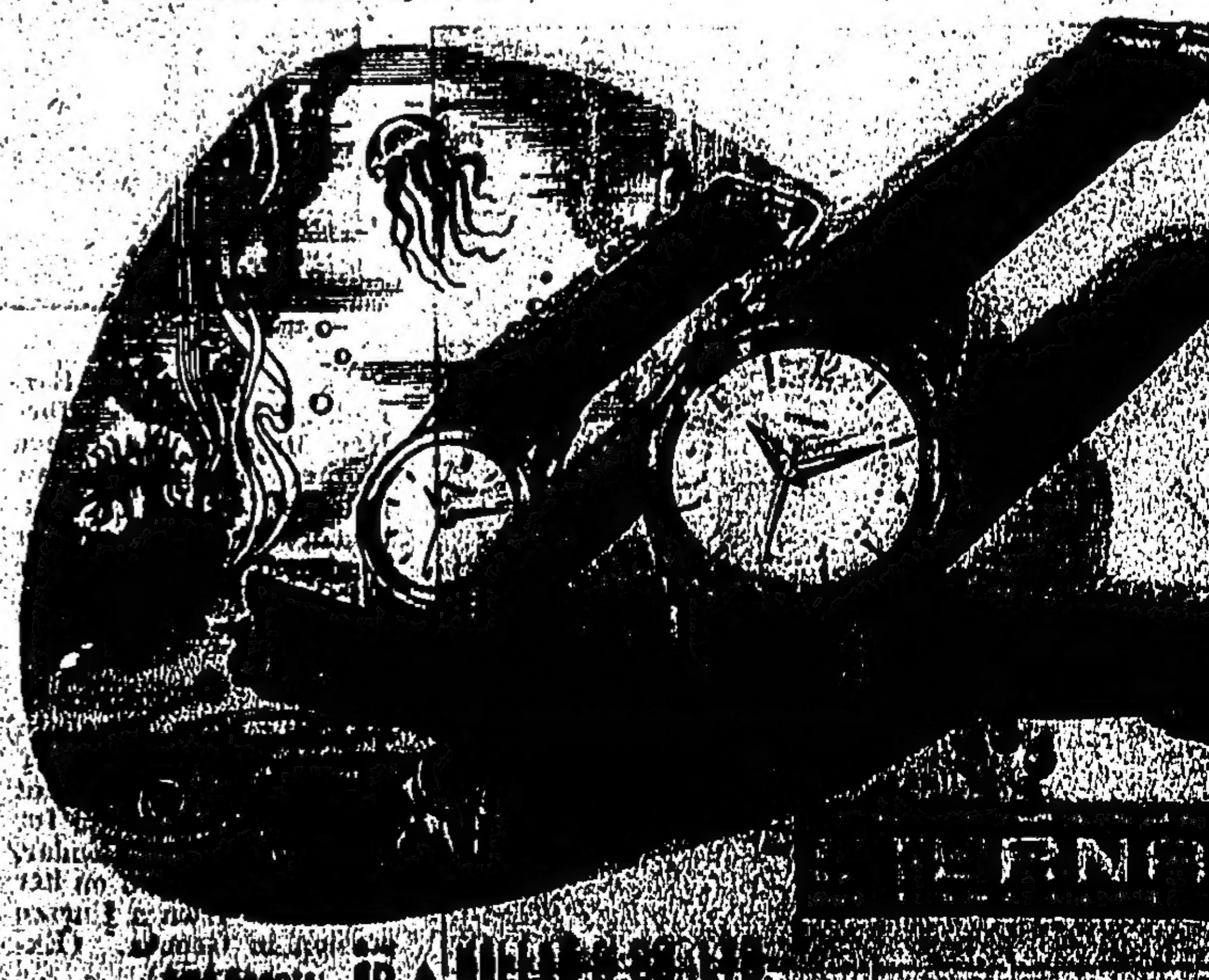
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WATERPROOF

ETERNA

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yet you are going to expose it to all kinds of dangers: rain, soap-lather, dust, perhaps even perfume and powder—all these are deadly enemies of your watch and can prove fatal to the mechanism and oils inside it! It is a gruelling test. That is why, if you prize accuracy above all, you must insist on a watch that is absolutely waterproof—only then can you be sure of lasting precision. The Eterna waterproof guarantees enduring accuracy. It is shock-protected, antimagnetic and completely impervious to damp and dust—thus it assures you of time-security under all the conditions of everyday life.



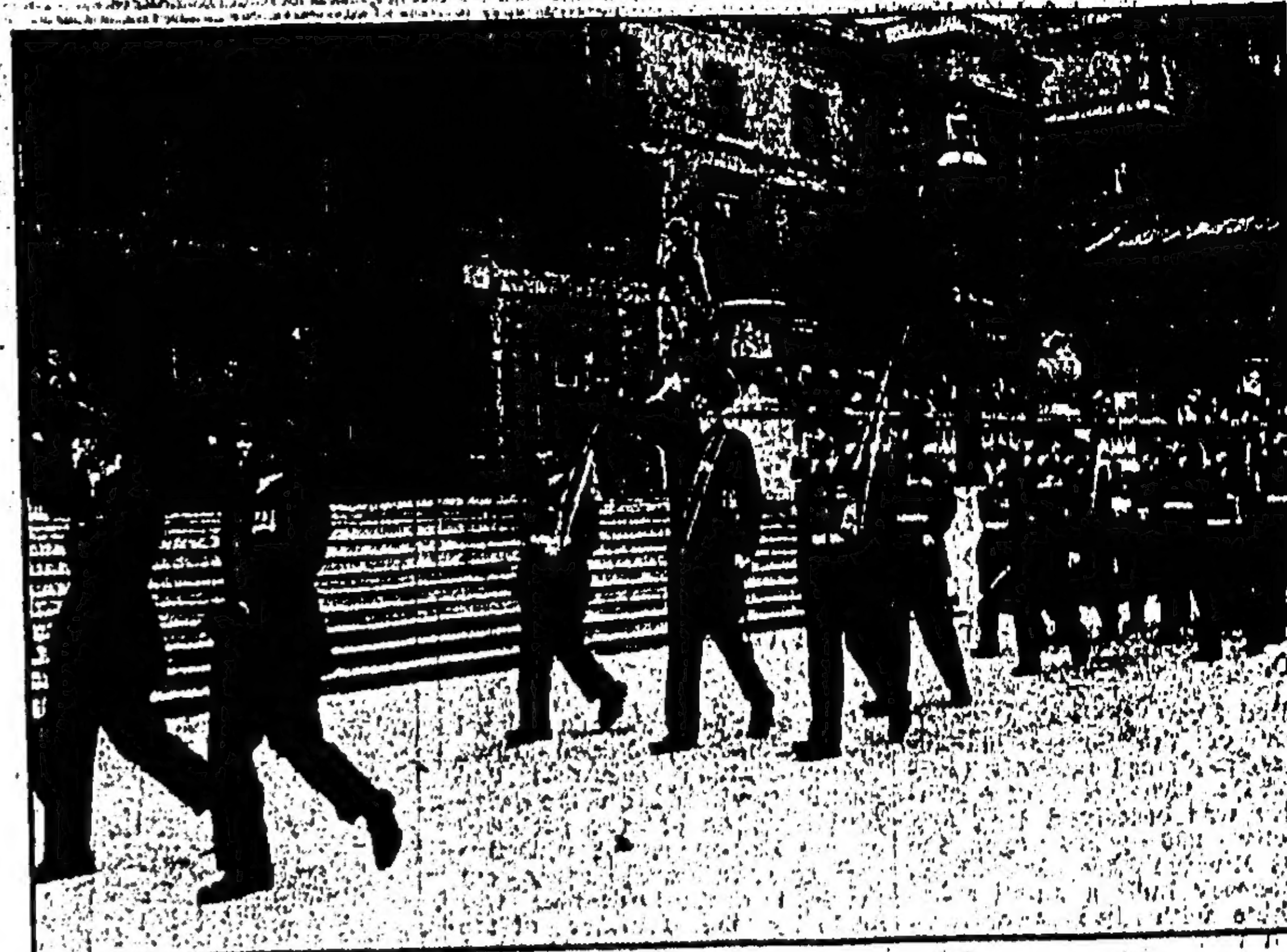
• HOMESIDE PICTORIAL •



BEFORE Her Majesty the Queen had presented new Colours to them, the 1st, 2nd and 4th (TA) Battalions of the Royal Welch Fusiliers marched past, each Battalion led by its own goat, followed immediately by men of the pioneer platoons wearing white buckskin aprons and carrying pikes, axes and axes. (Army News)



MADAME Rodriguez-Travieso, wife of the Venezuelan Ambassador to London, and her daughter Marietta, 16, set out for a Buckingham Palace garden party. (Express)



BEFORE his departure for his Canadian tour, the Duke of Edinburgh presented new Colours to No. 601 County of London Squadron, Royal Auxiliary Air Force, at Buckingham Palace. The Duke takes the salute at the march past. (Express)



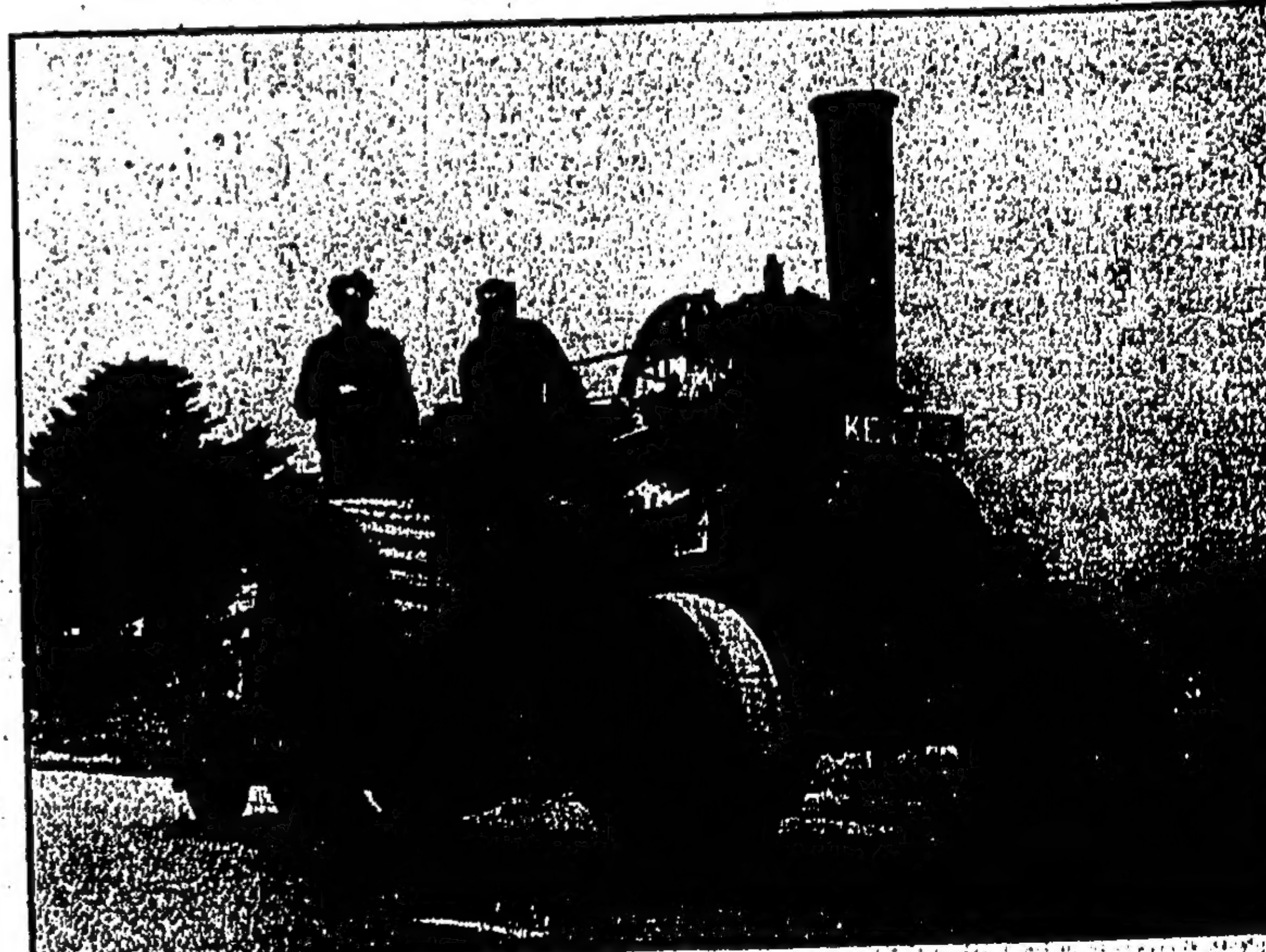
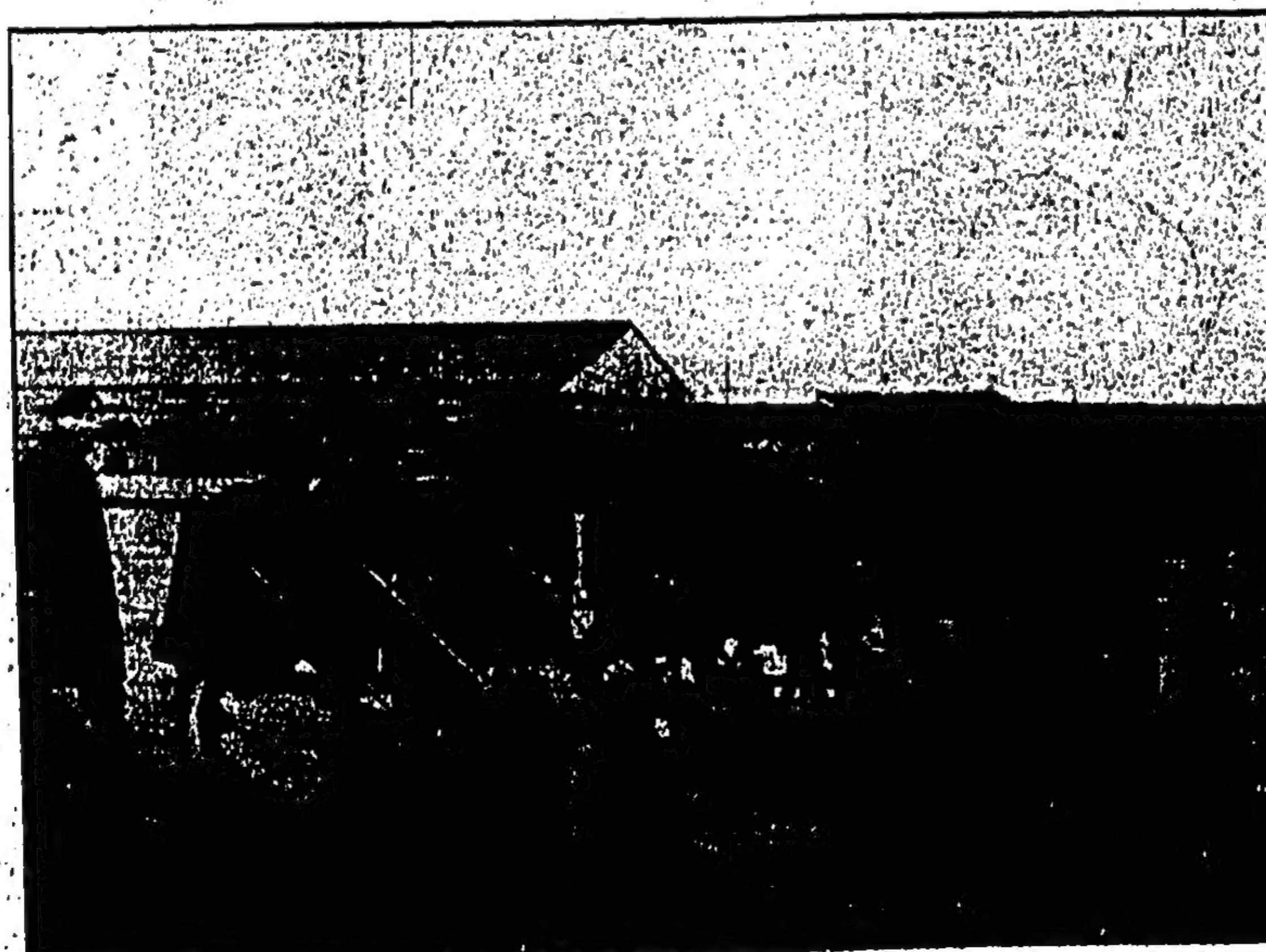
LEFT: Riders competing in the International Horse Show at the White City took a night off to go to the ball at the Hyde Park Hotel in London. Here is leading British horsewoman Pat Smythe at the ball. (Express)



RIGHT: Mrs. Alisa Gupin, artist and ballet teacher, dances with her daughter Mary for relaxation. Mrs. Gupin, wife of Mr. Brian Gupin, barrister and human resources councillor, is designing the costumes for a production of "The Rivals" at Sherborne School, Dorset. (Express)



ON her recent visit to the Regimental Depot of the Suffolk Regiment at Bury St Edmunds, Princess Margaret, Colonel-in-Chief of the Regiment, receives a bouquet from Little Colette Boycott, daughter of the Depot Commander. (Army News)



THIS steam traction engine, looking like a steam roller, is 50 years old. Its tank takes 120 gallons of water, and coal consumption is 75 shovelfuls an hour. It has been acquired by Dr Anthony Fairrie of Corringham, Essex, who says he will drive it around on week-ends for pleasure. (Express)



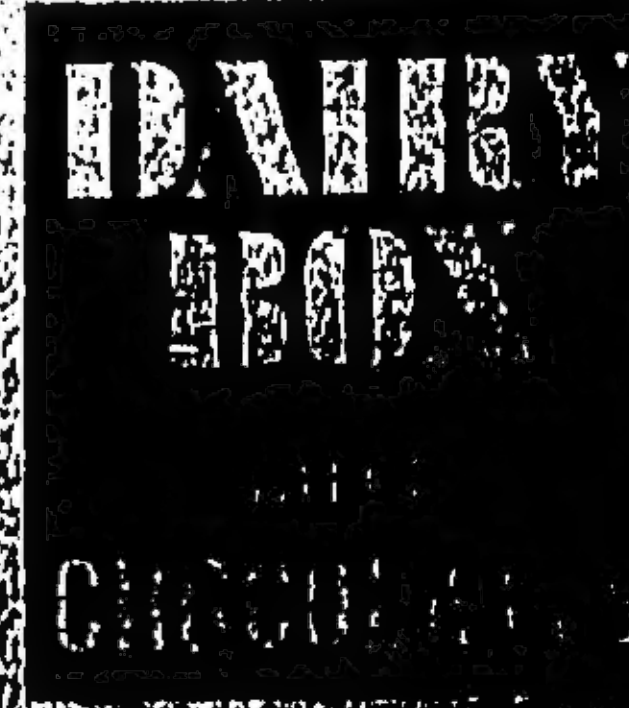
"MOPPING UP" operations at Harington Barracks, Formby, before Her Majesty the Queen Mother presented new Colours to the 1st Battalion, The Manchester Regiment, of which she is Colonel-in-Chief. (Army News)

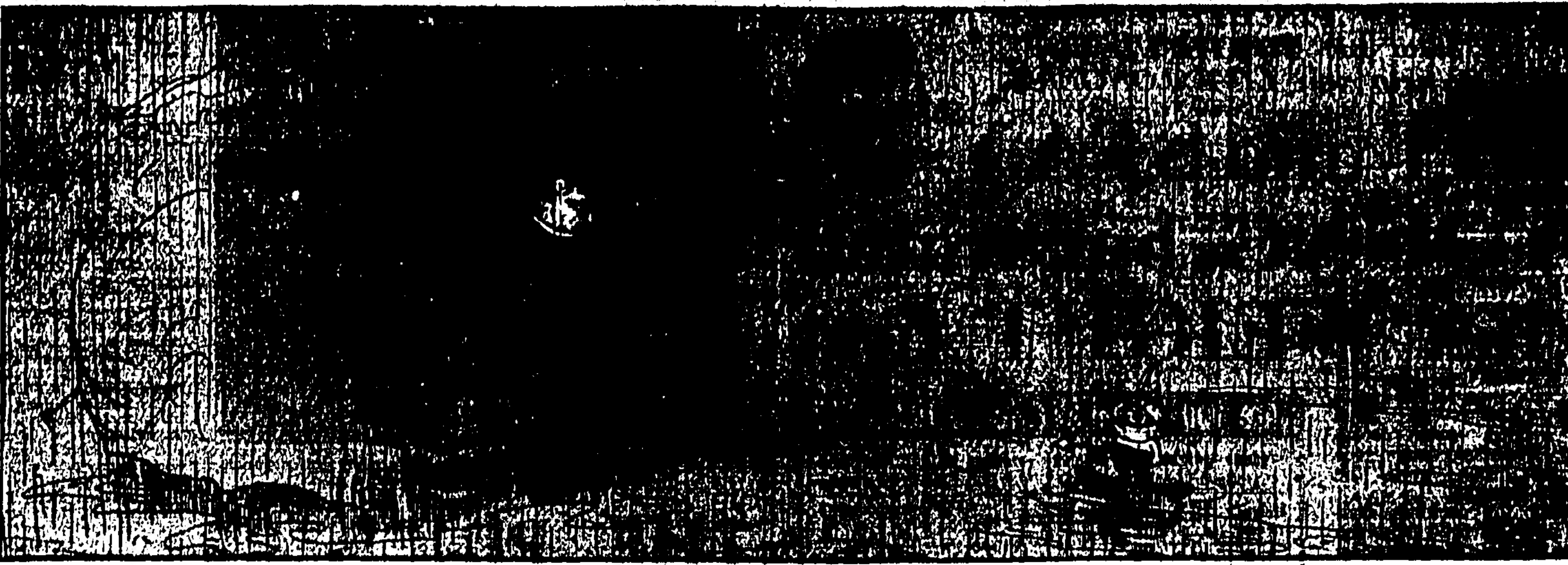
LEFT: Miss Elizabeth Achelis, the wealthy American who has spent 25 years campaigning for a new World Calendar, snapped in London on her way home from a Unesco session in Geneva. (Express)

NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller





"If you wish to come to a garden party, then you go straight home and get dressed to come to a garden party."

A new series of true stories of the Caterpillar Club

CHARLES LINDBERGH flew the Atlantic Ocean alone, from New York to Paris, in May, 1927. This ocean had already been flown, but Lindbergh's achievement caught the imagination of the whole world because it was the first single-handed, non-stop direct crossing.

It was typical of his deep modesty that during all the Press interviews and exclamations that followed he did not mention the fact that he had already become a member of the Caterpillar Club four times over.

I mean that he had on four occasions saved his life by bailing out of a doomed aircraft in a parachute.

Lindbergh originally learned to fly with a joy-ride pilot and eventually he scraped together enough to buy his own machine. With his slightly lopsided grin he once admitted to me that he was still learning to fly while carrying trusting passengers for hire.



Then the two entangled machines heeled over and roared down in an uncontrolled spin. In spite of being half-dazed, Lindbergh knocked off his safety belt and struggled out of his seat. This wasn't easy because his right wing, which had buckled back, was flapping and left him barely room to get out. He saw McAllister jump clear, then Lindbergh himself was somersaulting down the sky, and purposely delaying the pull on his release ring until the locked machines had swung well away from his path.

Fortunately, both men landed safely, but again it is typical of Lindbergh that in his report he was much less occupied with

in good weather and without incident. Evening was falling as he took off again, but he was soon on a compass course, for thick fog rolled beneath at a depth—as he found when he tried to get beneath it—of more than 800 feet.

Lindbergh dropped a flare when he reckoned he was near the town of Maywood, but the flare did not ignite. Then a dull glow through the fog indicated the presence of the town, but it was still suicidal to attempt a landing.

For some time he flew around hoping for a sight of Lake Michigan or the Illinois River, but the fog blanketed everything. Meanwhile he realised that time had been slipping by and his fuel was now dangerously low. At last he opened the throttle, climbed well away from the town glow, and let the machine give him as much height as it could until

Lindbergh grabbed his parachute lines and spilled air frantically from the canopy. The movement swung him out of the path of the approaching machine but it increased his rate of fall

career of any successful airman. Lindy certainly had his share of it. But from first to last his magnificent career has shown him to be one of the finest pilots and navigators the world has



and for a few horrible moments he thought he had overdone it and collapsed the canopy altogether.

Once again the machine dropped past as it completed a circle. Then he went down into the clammy grey blindness of the fog and could see no more than a foot or so up the parachute lines. Twice more he heard the machine without being able to see it.

Then he thudded on to the unseen ground and rolled over and over, blindly clawing his way out of the enveloping shroud of silk.

Helped by an astonished farmer, he got a lift in an ancient Ford—and a mile or so away found the twisted and crumpled wreckage of the machine mixed up with a haystack. Fortunately it had not caught fire and the mail was intact—a fact that seemed to give the conscientious young pilot more satisfaction than did his own survival.

Three weeks later, again through fog and lack of fuel, Lindbergh had to take to his parachute for the fourth time, but on this occasion his landing was uneventful.

These four escapes, however, earned him the nicknames which rang round the world after he had flown the Atlantic—and which he always detested. His brother pilots called him "The Flying Fool" and "Lucky Lindy."

Luck, indeed, is a matter which must play a part in the

LINDBERGH Leaps for Life

By GERALD BOWMAN

In 1924 we find Cadet Lindbergh of the United States Army Air Service going through advanced training at Kelly Field, Texas. One sunny morning he was flying in a formation of nine S.E.5 single-seater biplanes led by his commander, Lieutenant Blackburn. Their exercise that day was to practise diving attacks upon a flight of De Havilland 4B aircraft led by Lieutenant Morgan at 5,000 feet.

The attack was made, as usual, in sections of three. Lindbergh was on the left of his section with a Lieut. McAllister to his right and Cadet Love leading. At Love's signal the section dived, made their attack on the 4Bs and then climbed. McAllister's machine, however, had been slightly

slower than the others. In the climb after the dive he was therefore, making a slightly larger arc with the result that he suddenly realised that Lindbergh was coming up directly underneath him—with no idea that he was there.

McAllister fiercely swung away to avoid knocking Lindbergh's head to pieces with his propeller, but he could not avoid collision. Lindbergh's starboard top wing crashed through McAllister's port bottom wing. Shattered wood and spurs flew as the propeller sliced into it. With a jarring shock both aircraft locked together and Lindbergh was flung forward, banging his head heavily against the front of the cockpit.

details of the crash and his survival than the fact that on the way down he had lost his goggles and a vest-pocket camera which were highly treasured possessions.

Less than three months later Lindbergh won his second Caterpillar. He was testing a new aircraft and after starting a spin found he could not get back to a level keel.

He fought with the controls for 2,000 feet before he finally jumped. His parachute opened when he was at less than 300 feet.

For two years after that the "greenhorn" which had dogged Lindbergh left him alone. He joined the Missouri National Guard and also became an air-mail pilot on the St. Louis-Chicago run. Then, in the space of three weeks, he found himself earning two more Caterpillars, both in very much the same circumstances.

On the first occasion he had covered the run as far as Peoria

the engine finally ran dry and cut at 5,000 feet.

He quickly knocked undone his belt and went out over the starboard side, falling a clear 100 feet before pulling his release ring.

He was soon swinging gently as he descended towards the vast white coverlet of fog which spread over the earth in the darkness below. Then he had an unpleasant surprise. From somewhere close by he heard an engine start. Then in the moonlight he saw his abandoned aircraft appear from above in a gliding turn and make straight at him.

Only then did he realise that the aircraft had levelled out after he had left it and that the fuel tank had consequently altered angle, too, allowing the last drains of petrol to run into the carburettor feed. The hot engine had restarted itself—and now he was hanging helplessly, watching the rapid approach of a machine which could easily thresh him to pieces with its propeller if it continued running for only a few more minutes.

TO STAY OR NOT TO STAY?

By Sydney Smith

HARD on the Indo-China cease-fire, the Vietminh Communists have launched a drive to persuade Vietnam and French technicians, merchants and business men to remain in North Indo-China.

Of the 100,000 civilians expected to do so, a score of Frenchmen have already submitted their applications.

Many others are hesitating, but banks and business firms, French as well as Indo-Chinese, are calling for Vietnam volunteers to stay at their jobs. New recruits, clerks and other staff members are rapidly being recruited by the business and administrative staff of the Communist Government for the terms of which they may be recruited.

Nevertheless, there will be a lot of deliberation during the 30 days' evacuation limit—by both French and Vietnamese.

Businessmen are arguing: "The Viet have said they need us. They have promised we shall be able to carry on. Why not let us wait a bit and see?"

Negotiator

This argument is reported to be strengthened by reports that a senior French civil servant or diplomat with Indo-Chinese experience will be accredited to the Communist Ho Chi-minh government to look after French interests.

In this connection, the enormous French bottom rail of Nardinh was evacuated by its French technicians, who left it

in perfect condition except for a few pieces of vital machinery.

The Communists sent a negotiator, who arrived by jungle paths on a bicycle, offering terms for the return of the machinery.

But he did not make a good enough offer, and the French factory chief, who remained behind, sent him cycling back to arrange a better one.

The Halphong cement works and the coal mines of Hanoi were also partially dismantled, but not damaged. If the Communists make a trustworthy offer, they may get back their French technicians.

If they don't, the cement works and mines will have to be abandoned, and the French technicians, who left it

Leader of the French anti-evacuation group in Hanoi is M. Henri Jean, the biggest garage owner of the city. His philosophy, like that of many of the colonists, is strictly realistic. Says he:

"Over thirty-one years here, starting from nothing, I have worked to build up this garage. It is the result of a life's labour. My wife is dead. My daughter is married. I am going to stay and defend my garage. I'll take nothing but my life and my wife's."

Mad Rush

However, while his property owners and families know nothing about this, they are in a mad rush to get out of the country.

has begun among the Vietnamese with French associations—who are terrified of Communist reprisals.

Among them are unmarried mothers from the garrison areas. The French, with sympathies galvanized, have given them the same priority for evacuation as French citizens.

Hanoi is now a city of homeless evacuees, temporarily housed in centres established in schools, religious and church institutions and the overcrowding will become worse.

By August 11, every civilian who wants to go, as well as more than 20,000 troops and their families, must be concentrated in the 15,000-acre and 20,000-building 31-mile-long evacuation zone. The evacuation of the city will be a task of gargantuan proportions.

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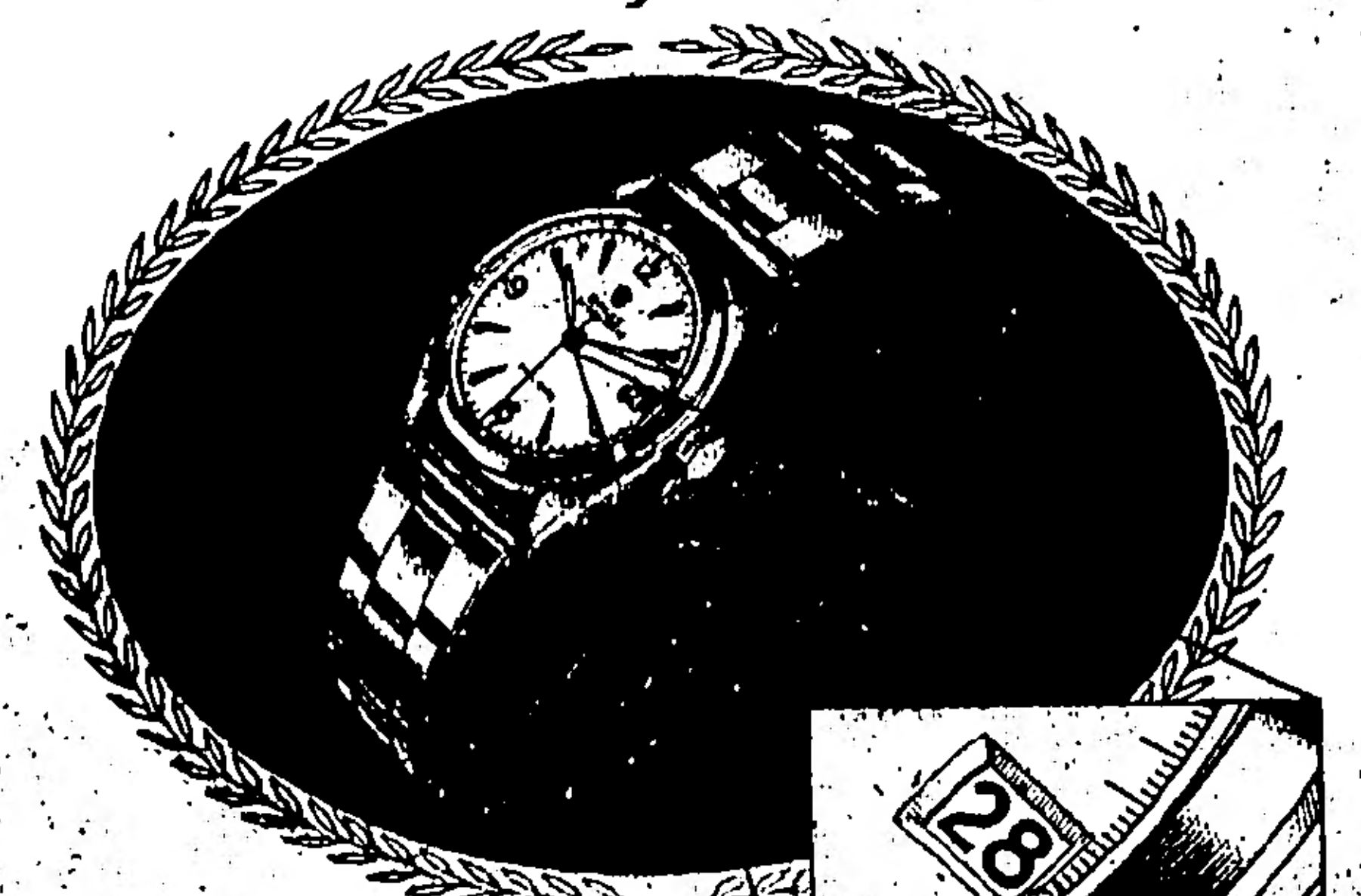
Cr. of Nathan & Kimberley Roads — Tel: 52011

Patrons are kindly informed that the "Gold Room" is being reserved for a party to-day, August 7, 1954.

Patrons are welcomed at our Mandarin Room, 5th floor, where delicious European and Chinese food will be served, and dinner dancing will be held as usual.

The "Gold Room" will be open to our Patrons again to-morrow.

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CHAPMAN PINCHER introduces a new **BE YOUTHFUL** diet to help you **LIVE LONGER**

EAT and STAY YOUNG, but watch that WEIGHT first



DIET has much more influence on your health, your looks, your liveliness, and your life-span than even the doctors thought. Three far-reaching findings have emerged from the latest medical researches on human nutrition:

1. THE ADULT BODY needs a different type of diet in youth, middle age, and in the twilight years.
2. PEOPLE who are overweight at any age are suffering from malnutrition. Surplus fat can be dangerous, especially for women.
3. FAULTY DIET in the middle years—even for those who are not overweight—is almost certainly a main cause of heart disease, especially in men.

When the body is young and fairly active, it needs ample supplies of protein the main nutrient supplied by lean meat and fish to repair the wear and tear on the tissues. It also needs large supplies of the "fuel" foods which provide energy: fats and carbohydrates, such as bread and potatoes.

'Fuel' needed

IN old age even larger quantities of protein are needed to replace the tissue-wastage caused by ageing processes. Substantial "fuel" is required to keep the aging body warm and well covered.

Less protein and less fuel foods are needed in early middle life, when most people begin to cut down their physical activity. There is little wear and tear to be repaired. There are no aging ravages to counteract. So any excess food is bound to lead to surplus weight, mainly in the form of fat.

Statistics show that of every five fat men now more than 30 years old, probably only two will reach 60, and only one will live to be 70. Of every five lean 30-year-old men, three should reach 70.

Medical Research Council tests have shown that women

Are you too HEAVY to be HEALTHY?

Ideal weights for women (fully dressed with shoes)				Ideal weights for men (fully dressed with shoes)			
Height (ft. in.)	Small build (st. lb.)	Medium build (st. lb.)	Large build (st. lb.)	Small build (st. lb.)	Medium build (st. lb.)	Large build (st. lb.)	
5 2	8 2	8 7	9 4	8 8	9 2	9 10	
5 3	8 5	8 12	9 7	8 12	9 7	10 2	
5 4	8 8	9 2	9 11	9 1	9 9	10 4	
5 5	9 10	9 5	9 13	9 3	9 13	10 7	
5 6	9 2	9 9	10 4	9 8	10 2	10 11	
5 7	9 5	9 13	10 8	9 12	10 6	11 2	
5 8	9 8	10 2	10 11	10 2	10 10	11 5	
5 9	9 12	10 6	11 2	10 6	11 1	11 10	
5 10	10 2	10 10	11 5	10 10	11 5	12 0	
5 11	10 5	11 2	11 8	11 0	11 9	12 4	
6 0	10 12	11 6	12 0	11 4	11 13	12 8	

Your weight is medically correct if it falls within 5lb. on either side of the ideal weight for your height.

are even more seriously handicapped than men by surplus weight.

An 18-stone man was found to be carrying six stone of fat, but an 18-stone woman of similar build was saddled with more than nine stone.

While the fattest men in the tests had roughly 1lb. of muscle for every 1lb. of fat, the stoutest woman had only half this amount. So fat women suffer the double disadvantage of having more deadweight to carry, and less muscle power to cope with it.

A fat 14-stone woman is as badly burdened as her slim sister would be if sentenced to carry two fully packed suitcases round with her for the rest of her life.

Excess fat in the diet between the ages of 35 and 40 also seems to be the main cause of the heart ailment called coronary thrombosis.

Evidence

CONSIDER this sample evidence—

- A GUMMY SUBSTANCE called cholesterol is almost certainly responsible for clogging the blood vessels which serve the muscles of the heart itself and so bringing on a coronary attack. There is far more cholesterol in the blood of men who eat a lot of fat than in the blood of those who eat little.
- WHEN SOLDIERS killed in Korea were examined by pathologists it was found that three out of every four Americans, who had eaten a fat-rich diet, showed early signs of coronary trouble. The hearts of Korean troops who ate little fat were rarely damaged in this way.
- THE DEATH RATE from coronary thrombosis dropped sharply in Russia, Norway, and other countries during the war when fat rationing was severe. In India the incidence of coronary thrombosis is many times higher among Parsies, who have a fat-rich diet, than it is among Hindus who eat little fat.
- A LOW-FAT DIET has benefited patients with coronary trouble at a Los Angeles hospital, U.S. doctors claim.

The evidence suggests that it is not until about the age of 35 that fat becomes dangerous in this way. After 35 there is a sharp rise in the cholesterol content of the blood, and it continues until the age of 55 when it begins to fall again.

Women seem to be protected against this danger by a hormone circulating in the blood stream up to the age of about 50. Later their chances of getting heart trouble from faulty diet begin to increase.

So cutting down fat in middle life is a sound precaution on two counts: to reduce the danger of coronary thrombosis and to keep the body at its healthiest weight.

There is a further reason for doing so. Experiments strongly suggest that a steady supply of a natural substance called choline (pronounced colleen) can reduce the chances of coronary thrombosis.

Lean meat, liver, kidney, and eggs are the richest sources of this substance, and can replace some of the fat in the diet.

New diets

TO make it easy for you to take advantage of this newly won knowledge, the Daily Express, in consultation with experts, has devised special new diets for men and women of different ages.

This is the earliest time of the year to slim successfully, for appetite is not so demanding in warm weather.

So the first of the "Keep You Young" diets, which are all safe, balanced, and do not involve semi-starvation or any risky fads will appear on Monday.

Meanwhile the weight-height table above will show whether you are too heavy to be healthy.

AFTER OUR TROOPS QUIT SUEZ

By VAUGHAN JONES

London.

SORROWFUL though the Suez evacuation is to Britons, the Big Withdrawal of 80,000 troops is already seen at home as a move by Britain to adapt policies to changing world conditions.

Clearly, the base could best have served the West if it had remained in strong hands.

But nationalist Egypt wanted it all her own way. She even rejected suggestions for joint Western control with herself as equal partner. And neither the United States nor Britain were prepared to force the issue in democracy's name.

Two major problems were involved—political and military. And Sir Winston Churchill and his military and political advisers spent long hours pondering their constituent factors, balancing one against the other.

They estimated, obviously, the base's loss of value if it were encircled by a hostile people. For then it would become a beleaguered garrison.

The quarter million or more Egyptians needed to help run the base in any future war might down tools and sabotage

its operation. And hostilities with Egypt would inevitably lead to a deterioration of relations with the whole Arab world, and thence with Moslem communities ranging as far away as the Pacific Islands.

The fact that Egypt's nationalistic aspirations would immediately be steamrollered by a Communist conquest has been ignored by the Egyptian leaders. They preferred the withdrawal of the British force which, locked away in the Canal Zone sands, the vast majority of Egyptians never even saw.

HYDROGEN BOMB

Militarily, the shadow of the hydrogen bomb was apparently decisive in causing Sir Winston Churchill, staunch upholder of Empire and its links, to agree to quit.

The full extent of the H-bomb's destructive powers remains secret. The military chiefs, though, must have pondered the problem of dispersal no longer. In terms of miles but in scores and hundreds of miles.

Strategically, the site of the base has hitherto, at least, been perfect for fulfilling its functions.

It lay at the crossroads of the world in the vitally important Middle East.

It guarded the Canal, vital Empire lifeline to the East.

Following the British withdrawal from India, it had become Britain's great arsenal overseas.

It acted as a great storehouse for all the weapons of war. Bodies of men could march into one end, draw their arms, and emerge as fully equipped divisions ready to be launched in any direction.

The airfields, barracks, workshops, docks, power stations and other fixed installations were worth about £500 million; the arms and equipment another £150 million.

But, in terms of H-bomb warfare, the base is comparatively small—and vulnerable. It stretches only 70 miles along the Canal's west bank, reaching fifty miles to Tel-el-Kebir, itself one of the world's greatest

NATURE'S POISON PUNCHES

since seen larger ones, and they are by no means rare in most tropical countries. During the day they are dwellers in dark places—under the earth or fallen trees, beneath bark or, especially, in the bases of palm fronds—but at night they roam about all over the place. One of their favourite retreats are the thatched roofs of native-built houses in the tropics, and one has to be exceedingly careful when moving furniture and other objects in such dwellings.

Centipedes belong to a group of animals known to scientists as chelipeds, or literally "the marginal-footed ones," because their many pairs of legs—ranging from a dozen to forty-four—are placed along the sides or margins of their bodies. They are distantly related to the insects, spiders, and creatures like lobsters and crabs, but they are more ancient beasts; in fact, they represent the descendants of some of the first creatures that crawled out of the sea on to dry land. They are found all over the world and they are all beasts of prey, feeding on other animals and killing them with deadly poisons.

THE PINCHERS

By IVAN T. SANDERSON

SHORTLY after dusk, on almost my first night in the tropics, when I was on a trip around the world, I witnessed a most horrible affair which I will not only never forget, but which will affect my whole attitude to many things as long as I live.

I was sitting on the veranda of a house, a few miles inland from the port of Penang, in Malaya, with some English friends of my family with whom I had gone to stay. They managed a large rubber estate employing some hundreds of Indian labourers who lived in a community of small houses on the estate.

About their village—or compound, as it was known—grew many large sapo palms, and each of these had a hollow bamboo inserted right into the heart of its head where its enormous leaves sprouted from its towering stem. At the end of each bamboo hung a bucket or gourd, so that the sap from the palm might be gathered as it flowed from the core of the tree. This juice is collected by the natives and made into a kind of strong beer.

Suddenly, an almost unhuman scream rent the still evening air, and at once the Indian compound was in an uproar. My host immediately seized a revolver and rushed down to see what was up. We arrived just in time to see a skinny, little, naked, dark-skinned man plunge his right foot into a bucket of boiling water on a

wood fire. As his leg went in almost up to his knee, his contorted face relaxed and he uttered a sort of groan of relief. The sight was so amazing we just stood there in the firelight, gaping.

It took some time to find out just what had happened, but it was finally explained to us that the man had sealed one of the palm trees to bring down a full pot of sap, and in so doing had put his bare foot down into the space between one of the great leaf-bases and the trunk. Something had immediately wrapped itself around his foot and bitten him. So ghastly was the pain that he had just let go and slid down the trunk to the soft ground, writhing in agony.

Then he had rushed to the nearest cooking pot and plunged his whole foot into the boiling water to relieve the pain. Upon the surface of the water an abominable creature now bobbed about.

The man fainted immediately and was then rushed to a car which took him across the estate to a little hospital and dressing station within a few minutes. Nonetheless, he never regained consciousness and died about four hours later. Whether his death was directly due to the effects of the poison he had received by shock and general ill health I do not know, but according to everybody present it could have resulted from the former, even if he had not deliberately boiled his leg in the hopeless attempt to relieve the unbearable pain.

The creature that was left bobbing about in the bucket of boiling water was what we call a centipede, but—unlike our paltry home-grown varieties—was just 14 inches in length. This appeared horrifyingly vast to me at the time, but I have

seen many others of this kind.

If a giant centipede once gets hold of you there is only one thing to do—smash it utterly to pieces and then pick these pieces out of yourself. In the meantime, however, you will probably have passed out from the terrible agony of its poison.

Centipedes are little home-grown creatures that give you a nasty sting if you persist in handling them and let their small jaws get hold of your skin on some tender spot. The result is not, of course, fatal, but it can be very painful and it has, in the case of certain southern species, been known to lead to dangerous secondary infections and other troubles.

These animals scuttle and look unpleasant anyway, so that most people either leave them alone or crush them underfoot. But if you have cause to touch one beware; for they can give a most unexpected account of themselves. Especially aware and never go climbing palm trees, even for a glass of strong beer! For there is death on forty legs in almost every tree.

NEW CONCEPT

Britain's military chiefs must certainly have had in mind the giant new troop-carrying aircraft with which they will soon be able to dispatch divisions overnight to trouble spots. They must have pondered, too, the suitability of many sites to match the new concept of global, H-bomb warfare.

So Britons feel their government will now have to make the best they can of the Anglo-Egyptian bargain.

Geographically the canal site is irreplaceable, even if it no longer holds absolute supremacy. The hope is that Egypt, after winning a diplomatic victory, will not prove intransigent if the West needs to reoccupy it in time of need.

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



TALK ABOUT MAGIC!

Have you seen

Admiral

AIR CONDITIONERS AND REFRIGERATORS

★ FIRST OF ANOTHER SMASHING SATURDAY SERIES

Where are the Kings of the Ring today?

TWO "tickets" (i.e., "cauliflower," thick ears) adorn the slightly chipped but eminently benevolent head of Ted "Kid" Lewis, the greatest welter-weight fighter this or any other country ever tossed into a ring—and now happily employed in the film and travel industries.

Curious about those ears, Lewis, born to cabinet-making in the East End, fought more than 500 battles for estimated purse monies of £200,000 in Britain, USA, Australia, Canada, South Africa, France, Italy and Germany—yet it was in minor, no account, fistfuffs that Ted got his "tickets."

The one on the left was collected with a 30s. prize as a feather-weight competition winner of 15 at the old Wonderland, way down East. Its companion piece, not quite so rich in bloom, came from a loop-the-loop left-hander in an exhibition at Kilburn Empire. Wages: n. thing.

Lewis, with 59 years of life, was left with a head that had been battered day after day. From his first bout of boxing at 15, he has won a cup of coffee for boxing Johnny Sharn at the old London Club, the £12,000 prize for his victory in the notorious "Trumper" fight of his 27th birthday, and a £100,000 prize for his victory against Georges Carpentier of France.

He slugged out 20-odd battles with Jack Britton of America, he won the championship of the world and a handful of lesser titles, thrashed the great Johnny Buchanan four times, and received a parcel of physical advantage in middle-weight, once again, as he fought with fractured hands and in crickling feet, when he was broke, he hobbled with rickety legs and a cold, relentless purpose that smashed a 100 hopes, and as many bones.

I pick my own memories of the blistering career the Kid carved out so magnificently and so manfully with dancing legs, pugilist fists, and a cold, relentless purpose that smashed a 100 hopes, and as many bones.

"A real fighter," says Lewis, "is a man who can take a punch, but is clever enough not to have to."

On four times "I was fighting four rounds with Battling Sarge, a solid middle-weight, out in Oakland, California. I was well trained, and I was champion of the world at the time."

"In the second round, every ounce of strength fell out of me, as though somebody had removed the plug from a bathtub. My arms dropped, my legs went like lead, and a terrible feeling of tiredness came over me. It was as much as I could do to hold my left hand out and hold on. They gave me a draw, which I certainly never deserved."

"When I got back to my hotel they handed me a telegram saying that my wife, 3,500 miles away in New York, had given birth to our son, Morton, at the exact minute I had been struck numb in the ring. You can call that the hardest fight I ever had."

I never saw Ted Lewis in action as far away as California, but I watched, idolised, respected, criticised and reported him a dozen times in his own country. I still puff my chest and strike an "it was there" attitude when the talk turns to Carpentier versus Lewis at Olympia on May 11, 1922.

What a night! How we teenagers howled when they sent

By George Whiting

In a Soho studio
Kid Lewis remembers—and forgives

● Ted (Kid) Lewis talks over a script for a film test with Monica Henri, a 19-year-old soubrette from Ealing, and Cara Stevens, an actress from Harrow.

of 1st tickets to announce to London that their own Kid Lewis had been beaten by that fancy Frenchman.

Lewis had three Carpentier fights, brimming over with a Cockney confidence that, at less than 11st, he could hand Georges Georges a couple of good ones and a kicking-for good money.

But Carpentier, still casing in on his gallant heavy-weight showing with Jack Dempsey in America, was not too concerned with the promotional offers and managerial deal that came so persistently across the Channel on behalf of an English welter-weight. At last, Lewis decided on a frontal attack, in person.

The Kid (10st, 10lb.) was in the swift process of knocking out Tom Gummer (13st, 10lb.) in one round at the Dome, Brighton, when a burst of cheering announced that Carpentier was among the ring-side spectators. Lewis dressed hurriedly, taking his full lunch (consciousness) marched straight up to where Carpentier was holding court to a bunch of newspapermen, and demanded point blank:

"Why won't you fight me?" Carpentier, acutely conscious of the posed pencils around him, hummed and ha'd a little, and then replied:

"Very well, I'll fight you if you can get anybody to stage it."

That was not difficult. The late Mayor Arnold Wilson, London's No. 1 promoter at the time, was present. He talked, and articles were signed within a week.

At first they thought of the Royal Albert Hall, but changed their minds quickly when a punch-hungry public began shooting good money at the box-office. They booked Olympia. Lewis's recollection of that hectic occasion is that receipts reached a then indoor record of £43,000, and that he got £12,000, Carpentier £15,000.

[Note: Contemporary reports put these figures as £27,000, £5,000 and £10,000.]

Carpentier trained, most enterprisingly, at Maldenhead. Lewis took himself off to Harrow-on-the-Hill, where the

camp followers included such diverse personalities as Jack Dempsey, Sir Harry Lauder, World Jock, Joe Collins, Sophie Tucker, Lord Robert Innes-Ken, and the Marx Brothers.

Eight-day arrived, and with a special squad of police to control the swish-in crowds at Blackfriars Ring, where Carpentier, stripped, weighed an exact 12st 7lb to the 10st, 12lb, fully dressed, of the challenging Lewis.

Eight or nine hours later, the pair had pressed their way through the traffic crush at Olympia, reached their dressing-rooms, listened to the then customary police warning about their responsibility in the event of a fatality, and been told that the Duke of York and Prince George, later the Duke of Kent, were on their way to the ring-side.

Came trouble—right from the start. Poked-faced Lewis, possessor of two rather sharp front teeth, had, years before, adopted the gunbelts now used universally in boxing—but Carpentier's manager, the mercurial Francois D'Amance, saw menace in the innocent protector. He objected insistently, and got himself roundly boxed.

Carpentier, with 23 pounds and at least four inches of height on his side, proffered a tentative left lead at Lewis's head, and looked extremely hurt as this gambit was skillfully slipped.

Lewis feinted a left, spat, and then piled nearly 11 stone of venom into a swiftly ascending right hander on the angular French jaw before him. A sweet punch, and one which the astonished Carpentier's instinctive reply was a flagrant hold.

Lewis tore himself loose, and banged angrily to the body—where the red patches of painful receipt showed quickly and vividly on Carpentier's creamy skin.

Carpentier grabbed again with his left, essayed a right hook under Lewis's heart, while we in the crowd roared our disapproval of this hit-and-hold enormity. Lewis wrenched fiercely at the enfolding armlock, and referee Joe Palmer stepped forward to effect the separation.

They broke. Lewis, to a right, forced his way to a plankered inside. Carpentier stepped to his right, looked crisply to the chin but no effective punch, but missed with his follow-up. Another clinch, and Lewis, clamping the inside position, hooked hard "downstairs."

Again they broke at Prince's stern behest. Carpentier slipped out hard and true to the jaw. Lewis did likewise, and once more found his right arm embraced as Carpentier, with an ominous trickle of blood oozing from the corner of his mouth, sought shelter in yet another hold.

Both men, usually ice-cold in their pugilism, were glaring at each other. The more Carpentier held, the more Lewis strove to free his imprisoned arm.

"Stop!" cried the referee above our din, and, prying the rate fighters apart, said "The clinching must stop."

Lewis's wound began to bleed his head to protest his innocence of such a non-belligerent device as holding and for one split second took his eye off his opponent as the referee, backing away, wagged an admonitory finger.

"Look out, Ted!" we yelled. For we, horror-struck, could see what he could not. Carpentier, immobile for one brief instant, was suddenly galvanised into swift and devastating destruction of the open target before him. Calling up every gram of power in his strong right arm, he shot an unhindered fist at the point of Lewis's defenceless jaw. The knock-out point.

Lewis, muscles unflexed, crumpled in a pathetic heap on his knees, pawing the smoke-laden air in a daze that advertised all too plainly the dire and irrefragable nature of his plight. And there he stayed, from "One" to "Out"—and to the tune of thunderous protest from a crowd affronted by the Frenchman's action.

"Not until I found Carpentier was helping me to my corner did the mist begin to lift, and not until I was back in the dressing-room could I gather enough of my wits to realise what had happened to me," said Lewis over our 1954 lunch.

"Any hard feelings?" I asked.

"Not after 32 years, but I felt cheated at the time," he said. "Later that night, when I met Carpentier at the Embassy Club, I told him I would bear no grudge, providing he gave me a chance of finishing the argument in another fight."

But the Green Kid got no such chance. Within 10 months Carpentier had got himself capped to pieces losing his world cruiser-weight title to the black Sam Langford, Batting Saki.

For three decades fighting men have argued the pros and cons of that knock-out right when Lewis wasn't looking—with Lord Lansdale leading the contemporary opinion that the Kid had received less than justice.

Defend yourself at all times, says the cardinal precept of

boxing. But does "all times" include that period when the referee has ordered a cease-fire? Please yourself. Lord Lansdale had the best answer when he declared that "lack of authority in referees and the enormous money prizes for which boxers fight are most detrimental to the interests of the sport."

But the dashing, crushing Kid Lewis, the ice-cold slaughterer of yesterday, is not now concerned with the more abstruse points of boxing philosophy.

When I met him the other day he had started out from his St. John's Wood flat, put in a morning at the travel bureau he helps to direct in Trafalgar Square, and settled down to a solid afternoon business in a Soho office with his movie-man son—the same Morton Lewis whose arrival in the world had given his father collywobles in a California ring 37 years ago.

Next Saturday:
The Soft Shoe Shuffler

PARIS NEWSLETTER

NINE MEN SEEK MAGIC FORMULA

By William Roland

ON a desk in the private office of the French Minister of Finance, M. Edgar Faure, lies a 6in.-thick bundle of typewritten documents. It represents a month's work by "Mr France's" Back-Room Boys.

This is the New Deal—the magic formula which is to transform France from a 19th to a 20th century nation in 18 months. Now that peace has come to Indo-China it is likely to be put into effect.

There are nine of these Back-Room Boys, and their average age is 30. M. Mendes-France, when he came to power gave them this assignment: "Work out a complete blueprint for economic expansion and social progress. And do it by July 20 because by then I shall know whether it will be of any use to me."

ONE TELEPHONE

Most of the meetings of the nine have been in a soundproof room overlooking a quiet courtyard off the Rue de Rivoli. There is one telephone in this room—for outgoing calls only. Always after a four or five-hour spell of work the Back-Room Boys have been summoned upstairs by M. Faure to cold bath and chicken and whisky and to chat about the progress they have made.

One day there was champagne as a special reward for a good day's work. On Sunday the nine men went to M. Faure's private residence and had their whisky there. They were able to tell the Minister that they would make their deadline.

At the head of the Back-Room Boys is 43-year-old Claude Gruson. Alone of the team, he has no administrative responsibilities. He is paid to think.

MAN FROM INDUSTRY

Modest and quiet-spoken, he knits the Back-Room Boys together as a smooth machine with nobody getting on anybody else's nerves.

Gruson might make a brilliant finance minister himself, but he never will because he is not the slightest bit interested in politics. Oldest member of the team is pipe-smoking Etienne Hirsch, 53, the only recruit from private

industry. He helped M. Monnet draw up his famous plan of industrial re-equipment just after the war.

There is Gabriel Ardan, 43, who has more ideas than any one else in France on how to cut expenditure on public services; there is Francis Bloch-Laine, 42, M. Schumann's old righthand man and an expert on banking and credit.

There is Pierre Basse, 39, the "eyes of the Bank of France," and the brilliant Simon Nora, 33, technical adviser to M. Mendes-France.

Paul Delavrie, 40, is a fiscal expert who knows all the answers about American aid to Indo-China and French aid to Vietnam.

The two babies of the team are Jacques Duhamel, 29, and Valéry d'Estaing, 28, who were students together and are on M. Faure's personal staff.

"We are a sort of club," Duhamel said to me. "Each of us is on 'thou' and 'thine' speaking terms with at least four others."

Here then are the nine men who have felt the pulse of France, found it still beating and are ready with the injection to give it new vigour when Mr France and the French Parliament give the word.

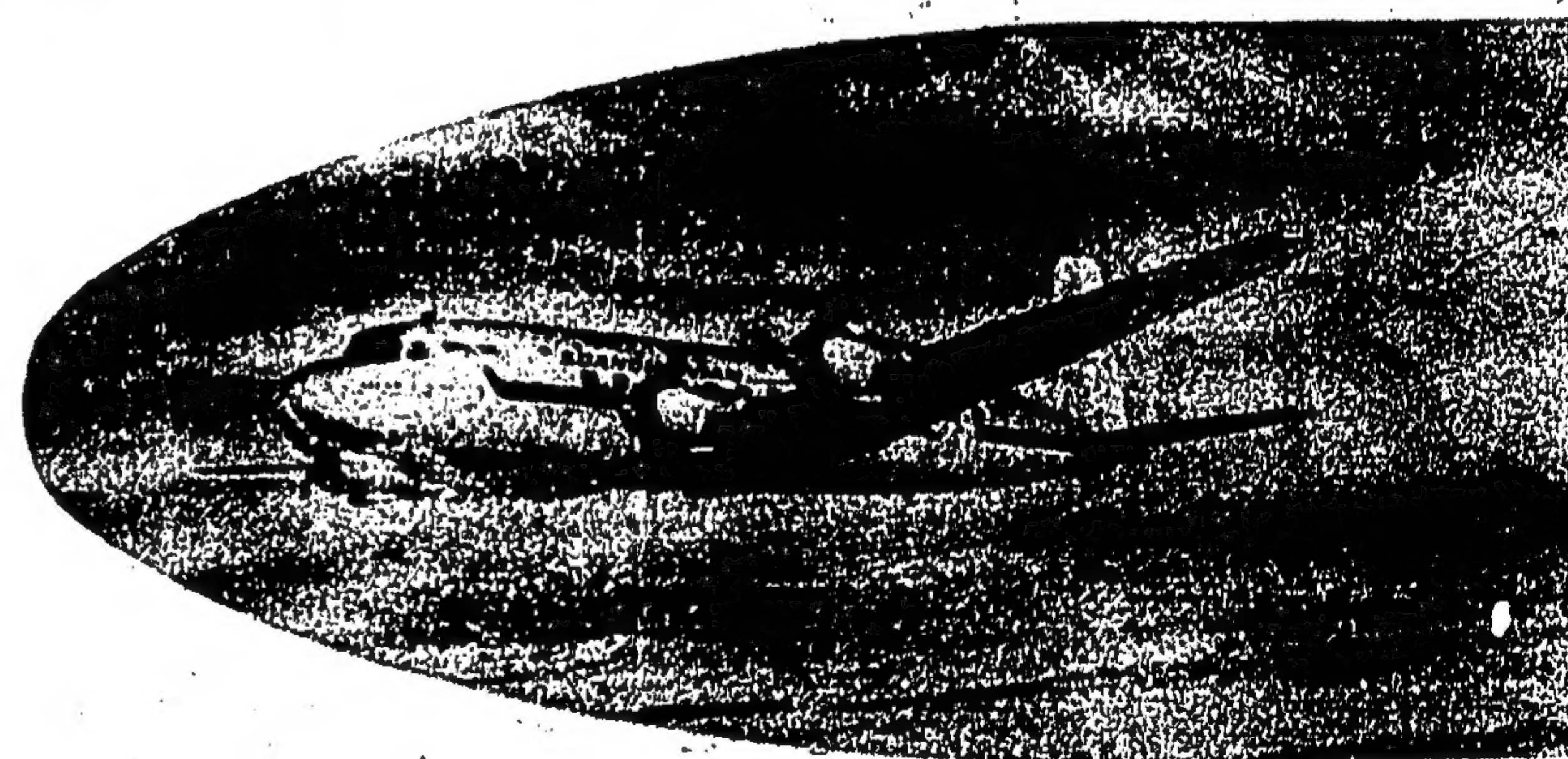
CHEF WAS PLEASED

THE recent Big Three dinner at the Hotel Matignon, official residence of the French Premier—when Mr France actually lingered over his chicken with a knife and fork instead of following his usual practice of gnawing a wing at his office desk—was a great night for a faithful retainer. It was the first time there has been a bit of life in the Hotel Matignon since M. Mendes-France became premier.

When he took over as Prime Minister and Foreign Minister, he decided to work at the Quai d'Orsay, the Foreign Office, thus sidetracking a Gordon Blue cook at the Hotel Matignon, known as Mme. Rosa Petit.

Mme. Petit used to be in the service of French author and academician Jules Romains. She left him to go and cook for M. Laniel, the former premier, and since both the Laniel and the Romains are fond of good food, Mme. Petit was kept hard at it preparing delightful meals.

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The Hohenzollerns Are Back In Business

Berlin.

By JOHN McKENNA

THE prince with the lunch bucket has decided he wants to be a king.

Germany's 47-year-old Prince Louis Ferdinand—grandson of the Kaiser—threw up his job as a car dealer in Bremen last week and turned up in Berlin to announce that he would henceforth devote all his time to promoting himself a throne.

For the moment, he has nothing but the family name to trade upon. The vast estates of the House of Hohenzollern were mostly in East Germany.

where they have been swallowed by the Russians.

But Prince Louis thinks he can capture the public imagination—perhaps with good reason.

In the late twenties, he startled the world by running off to the United States to court actress Lili Damita. He and Lili didn't hit it off. So Louis went to work.

He found a job as a mechanic in the Ford plant in Detroit—a job on the work bench, and a job that required "overalls and lunch carried in a black tin bucket."

Eventually, he got himself promoted to the sales depart-

ment, and he stayed there until 1935 when he came home to marry Duchess Kira of Russia.

The family fortunes weren't too good and he had to have a job. So he joined Hitler's air force as a flying officer.

He and Hitler never got along, however. He joined various groups of conspirators and eventually played a sizable part in the famous July 20 plot.

Now he thinks that the long-term solution for Germany is a constitutional monarchy on the British pattern. He says he is "not interested" in party politics and he will not get about forming a "monarchist" party.

Rather, he will try to interest politicians of all parties in the constitutional advantages of a monarchy.

Meanwhile, he has seven children to feed, and he hopes that he will have a fair amount of support.

But the Hohenzollern fortune may be on the upswing.

His cousin, Prince Alexander of Prussia, set himself up in the lipstick business last week.

Alexander will manufacture a lipstick called "Royal Purple" and other products "strictly of kingly quality."

There is, says Alexander, "lots of room for new cosmetic business in Germany."

A TELEPHONE CALL...

And Bader is fighting in the Battle of Britain



A gust of rage shook Bader on the spur of the moment as a demon compulsion took him to drive right into the middle of that smug formation.

WHAT HAS HAPPENED SO FAR

The Battle of Britain has started. At Coltishall, near Norwich, Squadron Leader Bader, the biggest commander of 242 Squadron, is burning to lead his men into the fight. But there are 12 Group, and it is 11 Group's battle. Air Vice-Marshal Leigh-Mallory tells Bader that he cannot send them in until 11 Group calls for them.

On the morning of August 30 the phone rang in dispersals and Ops. said: "242 Squadron take off immediately for Duxford!"

Duxford lay south and far from London towards the battle. By 10 a.m. the Hurricanes stood scattered round a corner of the familiar field and Bader and his men waited in a restless knot nearby. And waited. From Ops. they heard that the Luftwaffe was storming over Southern England in waves, but still 11 Group sent out no call. At a quarter to five the telephone rang and Bader grabbed it.

Ops. said: "242 Squadron, immediately. Angel between Duxford and North Weald."

He slammed the telephone down and ran outside the door, yelling: "242 Squadron, immediately. Angel between Duxford and North Weald."

A cool and measured voice answered: "Hullo, Laycock Red."

forward and called: "Enemy aircraft ten o'clock level!"

The bombers were in tidy lines of four and six abreast, and he was counting the lines; 14 lines and above and behind them about 30 more aeroplanes that looked like 110 fighters. About them still more over a hundred. The Hurricanes were above the main formation, now swinging down on them from the south-west and out of the sun, a good sign to start a fight if the 110s had not been above. The main mass was a wall of bombers. Must go for them. Too bad about the Messerschmitts above. Have to risk them. He called: "Group section take off on the top lot."

Christie led his section of seven up and away to the right. Bader again "Red and yellow section, line astern, line astern. From a thousand feet above he dived on the last five Hurricanes, and now among the bombers saw more 110 fighters. A gust of rage shook him. On the spur of the moment a demon compulsion took him to drive right into the middle of that smug formation and back it up. He aimed his nose into the middle.

Bullets squirted

BLACK smoke. Glinting. Wings that spread and grew huge, though the Hurricane when he climbed out "Did not get among em!"

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Full of the fire of the kill, he looked for others, and exultation; in the little mirror above his eyes a 110 poked its nose above the rudder, slanting in.

He steep-turned hard, and over his shoulder saw the 110 heading after, white streaks of tracer flicking from its nose past his tail. The Hurricane turned back and the 110 dived and vanished under his wing.

Bader spiralled steeply after, saw the 110 and below, streaking fast, and dived and missed it, but the 110 was going to home like a bat out of hell and it was hopeless.

He was startled to see that he was down to 6,000 feet, sweating and dry-mouthed, breathing hard as though he had just run in a race. He pulled steeply up, back to the fight, but the fight was over.

The sky that had been so full was empty and he wondered again as all fighter pilots wondered that a mass of losing aircraft could vanish in seconds. Phantoms of smoke were rising from the distant field. The pyres of victory.

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church, and climbed his three squadrons southwest over the fringe of London; ignored the "angels twenty" too, climbing till they were specks at 22,000 feet over the reservoirs at Slaines, still climbing.

And then a few miles in front the sky glinted and around the spot like a film coming into focus the dots appeared, two great swarms of them cutting across fast in front, heading for London. About the same height. Just as well he'd ignored "North Weald-Hornchurch" and the "angels" too. Looked like sixty-odd in each bunch.

He wheeled to cut them off, still climbing, swinging higher and between the swarms with the sun behind him and calling 19 Squadron urgently to climb higher and over their tails. Then to the rest, "Line astern, line astern. We're going through the middle."

The mathematics were good: twenty enemy destroyed for the loss of four Hurricanes and two pilots. In September, 1940, only the mathematics mattered. Bader was not satisfied. He flew to 12 Group H.Q. at Bucknoll, and told Leigh-Mallory: "Sir, if we'd only had sharp."

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About this time he designed the squadron emblem—a figure of Hitler being kicked in the back by a flying boot labelled 242. We cut a metal template of it and the ground crews painted it on the noses of all the Hurricanes.

In the still, cool dawn of September 15, Woodhall scrambled the five squadrons of 12 Group Wing.

In the air, his measured voice: "Hullo, Douglas. About 40 bursts heading for London. Will you patrol Canterbury-Graveyard."

"O.K. Woodie."

The morning sun still lay in the southeast, and if the bombers were going for London he knew where to look for them. Seemingly 23,000 feet, he saw black puffs staining the sky almost straight ahead, and somewhat below and ahead of the flak almost instantly saw the enemy, drilled black flies, sliding towards the naked city.

About five miles away, 40 bursts, J.U. 81s and Dorniers. Swinging right, he noted down to come in diving. The heart leapt and the blood sang and the mind ran clear and sharp.

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suddenly stalled and spun off again. He pulled out and searched the sky but the enemy had vanished.

That was the greatest day of the battle. In the two mass fights that day the pilots of the five squadrons of the Wing claimed 52 enemy destroyed and a further eight probably. 242 Squadron's share was twelve.

Conference

LEIGH-Mallory rang one day and said, "Douglas, we're having a conference at Air Ministry to thrash out all we've learned from the recent day-light battles. I want you to come with me."

At the Air Ministry, Bader followed the bulky figure into a quiet, carpeted conference room and felt a twinge of alarm when he saw the braided sleeves round the long table. Not a man below air vice-marshal. He recognised most of them; at the head the Chief of the Air Staff, Sir Charles Portal.

"Stuffy" Dowding looking more craggy than ever, Keith Park, Sholto Douglas, John Slessor, Philip Joubert de la Ferté, and himself, a squadron leader. No other fighter pilots.

Bader sat quietly, hands in lap when the discussion started on the size of fighter formations and the idea of going to attack the enemy at the source when he was building up his formations over the Pas de Calais.

Sholto Douglas cut in: "I'd like to hear what Squadron Leader Bader has to say about leading big formations."

The eyes were looking at him and he felt suddenly vulnerable. "Pet ideas were tumbling through his head, jostling each other into confusion. 'I've got to put the fighter pilot's point of view... It probably hasn't happened like this before.' He said clearly, looking at Portal.

"We've been learning, sir, exactly what you gentlemen learned in the last war" (that was a crutty start) "...Firstly, that the chap who's got the height controls the battle, especially if he comes out of the sun; secondly, that the chap who fires very close is the chap who knocks them down; thirdly, who most important, it is much more economical to put up a hundred aircraft against a hundred than twelve against a hundred."

"I know we can't always put equal numbers against the Germans because their air force is bigger than ours—if necessary we'll fight one against a thousand—but surely we can manage to put sixty aircraft against a couple of hundred instead of only one squadron of twelve."

He went on to his theories, and as he warmed to them he forgot self-consciousness and the it. voice, grew more confident, more commanding. He delivered himself of a good, terse homily, and sat down abruptly. He must have said too much: everyone was non-committal as the discussion continued.

A week later he received a letter marked "Secret." It said that Air Council had decided that wherever there were two squadrons on one airfield they were to practise battle flying as a wing and be proficient as soon as possible. There followed details about recommended wing tactics—it was the stuff that Bader himself had found out and reported.

On January 1, Bader neatly ruled off the year's flying in his logbook and under the line wrote: "So ends 1940. Since have had 242 Squadron (mine) we have destroyed 67 enemy aircraft confirmed for the loss of five pilots killed in action and one killed diving out of cloud. The squadron has been awarded 1 DSO and 8 DFCs."

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"Reach for the Sky" by Paul Brickhill, is published by Collins.

Next Wednesday Bader does not return

By Frank Robbins

JOHNNY HAZARD

...this situation calls for a

San Miguel

...this situation calls for a

San Miguel

...this situation calls for a

San Miguel

...this situation calls for a

San Miguel

...this situation calls for a

San Miguel

...this situation calls for a

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

The long and the short of it in Irish evening dress fashion. These designs are by Irene Gilbert of Dublin.
LEFT: A short evening dress with a "mink" brown silk top and skirt consisting of a thousand pink rose petals.
RIGHT: A full skirted dress in black-spotted white organza.



Romantic Evening Dresses With A Touch Of Celtic Magic

By DOROTHY BARKLEY

THREE Irishwomen — Sybil Connolly, Irene Gilbert and Elizabeth James — are putting that "top of the mornin'" something into fashion.

Ever since they discovered that, given a touch of fashion and a dash of Celtic magic, everyday tweeds and lace were exportable quantities—even dollar earners—Dublin has been part of the international fashion round.

These three have just shown their new collections.

The new shade is SAFFRON, the mustard-orange colour of the traditional Irish kilts.

The new material is BAWNEEN, the off-white natural of tweed now used for everything from overcoats to evening dresses.

These Irish designers, though they use a great deal of tweed, make romantic evening dresses in flowing chiffon or gossamer-fine lace, too.

all round Gaelic coffee was served to the guests. I spirited away the recipe for this, and here it is:

Heat a medium-sized glass, and put in it a measure of whiskey and sugar to taste. Pour in hot, strong black coffee and stir until the sugar dissolves. Then add fresh cream. The way to do this is to run the cream in from the back of a spoon. Have the spoon just touching the coffee so that the cream stays near the surface. Experts recommend an inch of cream to the average-sized glass.

Steady!

A HAT is an necessary may a woman cheerfully forget. Fashion never seems to come



Two of the new season's hats from Edward Harvane.

Upper: A new-look beret in patterned pink velvet, edged with sable, worn pulled down over one ear. The effect is balanced with a blown glass earring on the uncovered ear.

Lower: A wavy-brimmed hat in pink felt worn with amber-coloured glass earrings.

EVEN A PRETTY GIRL CAN BE PRETTIER

MISS SALLY BURTON-JONES, aged 18, is the second subject in our transformation series.

Miss Burton-Jones works in the jewellery department of a large London store. She has a fresh, delicate skin, which needs only the lightest possible make-up—a colourless foundation lotion during the day and a little tinted base in the evening.

Studying her face, I could see that the only place she needed a stronger make-up was her eyes. They are a pretty shape and colour. Touched with a light turquoise shade of shadow they will draw attention away from her somewhat heavy jawline.

But on dear, that fringe! Its effect was to add weight on an already rounded face. So Beauty

Club prescribed, as a basic line, a centre parting, with hair high and brushed back, and set to work with a damp comb to put this into effect.

The sides of her hair were also swept back, but were brought forward at the ends to form a light frame to her face.

Miss Burton-Jones has a few open pores at the sides of her nose—due to washing off her make-up with soap and water. But a cleansing cologne for dry skin, followed by a mild tonic will soon put this right.

The transformation brings us perfect proof that even a pretty girl can be made to look just that much prettier with the right amount of make-up carefully applied.

LADY BOYLE

there's the new version of the beret. But, as you can see from the illustration, it has little in common with the everyday beret. This one is made in patterned pink velvet, edged with sable. To give it the new season's look, it is worn pulled down over one ear.

In case you think this looks a little top-sided, Harvane suggests you wear, on the uncovered ear, one of the earrings he has specially designed for the purpose. Some of these look like witch's balls, and a new 'made from hand-blown glass in blue, green or amber.

Felt is the material for the coming months and this will be either Dalmatian-spotted or marbled-streaked. And if you are looking for original trimmings, think of a skein of yellow wool placed like a band round the crown of the hat, spotted veiling, gilt acorns or leather buttons.

For an unusual style, he suggests you choose one of the following. There's the lampshade hat, which lives up to its name. Made of pastel-coloured felt, it is pleated all the way round, flaring out from the centre, like one of those modern Scandinavian lampshades. And

OUT of that deck-chair now! It's time to join MISS ZIPP, if you want to make the most of your holiday and get FIT the FUN way.

Miss Zipp is today tackling her exercises with a RHYTHM routine. Why? Because flowing rhythmic movements help to streamline those unwanted bulges.

So now swing your way to fitness—like this:—

First, a "warming-up" session. Stand with feet together, then put the left foot out to the side so that the toe is just touching the ground, keeping your weight on the right leg.

Do a little hop with the right foot and at the same time swing in the left leg; as it touches the ground do another hop on it, and simultaneously swing the right leg sideways as high as you can.

Try the movement once or twice, then build it up into a smooth, easy, sideways swing step with a hop.

Now on to the second exercise—for the legs and the hips, and this one too goes with a swing.

Stand with all the weight on one foot and swing the opposite leg sideways and across the body; as you do so, keep the foot and the knee of the swinging leg relaxed and rise up on the toes of the supporting foot, (Fig. 1.)

Now another one for the hips and the tummy as well.

Crouch with one leg sideways and the hands resting on the ground, (Fig. 2.) Take some of the weight of the body on the hands; swing the sideways leg into the centre and at the same time swing the other leg out

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Autumn Collections In Italy

THE QUEEN OF COLOUR TAKES BLACK

Florence. She likes the heavy-weave type and uses it for cocktail coats lined with more silk over matching dresses.

Viki, who declares that "clothes must be simple and decent, never odd," was wearing black herself: a slim skirt, low-necked jacket, beads and a pair of white gloves and a pair of black earrings of transparent blue.

Mountain blue—the shade of Mediterranean hues and dust—is one of her new colours of the coming season. There is also a brighter sapphire, most effective in velvet.

INSPIRED BY DANCER

Black is the predominant note in the collection. But there are three contrasting greens, brilliant parakeet, soft almonds and an olive stone used for satin cocktail dresses.

Evening gowns revealed Viki's real genius for colour. Example: Silver grey satin blended with amber chiffon and dark grey velvet.

Viki will soon be more than just a fabulous name to London shoppers. Her first design for a big chain group of inexpensive stores will be on sale throughout England this winter.

Viki's autumn collection is inspired by the lovely dancer in the Toulouse-Lautrec film. This is high bustled, with nipped waist and stinky moulded hip line flaring at the sides. These are cut in one with the bodice and trimmings include bows of all sizes, satin binding and fur collars.

SIMPLE, ELEGANT

Suits have high-breasted pockets and a soft bloused effect above the nipped waist.

Harris tweeds, darling of the spring, is still favoured by Viki.

HARLEQUIN THEME

Myriade of Rome introduced her last collection. Harlequin umbrellas and lampshade suits in grey and blue made welcome change from the conventional palette.

Natural is the key to the autumn collection, with shades of grey, white and black, and a touch of red. The collection is a mix of the old and the new, with a touch of the past and a touch of the future.

From Rome comes a new, brave enough to model his own ideas on men's resort clothes, the feminine designs.

Evening gowns include black and white, and a favourite style of Prince Philip, black and white striped shirts and a pure silk dinner-jacket in Burgundy silk shot with black.

EXCITING SEPARATES

Heart clothes featured grey corduroy velvet suits with tan polo-neck sweaters and shoes; casual jersey jackets with half and whole removable collars; and a pure silk shantung suit in a brown and black weave.

An interesting hand-made ribbon fabric in tints of grey or yellow, was used by Valdivere of Florence.

Mexican skirts with multi-coloured tiers of velvet were among the exciting "separates" shown by Vito of Milan. Other velvet skirts were patterned with gigantic chessboard squares.

Amusing pussy-cat side-caps were in fur-fabric trimmed with large whiskers.

Knit-wear suits were the highlight of Anna Tosco of Turin. Tapestry weave with velvet collars were tailored for gay wear; and for restaurant and theatre, fine black jersey suits with lace or sequin inset.

—Eileen Ascroft

SWING TO THE RHYTHM TO KEEP FIT

By JOSEPH EDMUNDSON

OUT of that deck-chair now! It's time to join MISS ZIPP, if you want to make the most of your holiday and get FIT the FUN way.

Miss Zipp is today tackling her exercises with a RHYTHM routine. Why? Because flowing rhythmic movements help to streamline those unwanted bulges.

So now swing your way to fitness—like this:—

First, a "warming-up" session. Stand with feet together, then put the left foot out to the side so that the toe is just touching the ground, keeping your weight on the right leg.

Do a little hop with the right foot and at the same time swing in the left leg; as it touches the ground do another hop on it, and simultaneously swing the right leg sideways as high as you can.

Try the movement once or twice, then build it up into a smooth, easy, sideways swing step with a hop.

Now on to the second exercise—for the legs and the hips, and this one too goes with a swing.

Stand with all the weight on one foot and swing the opposite leg sideways and across the body; as you do so, keep the foot and the knee of the swinging leg relaxed and rise up on the toes of the supporting foot, (Fig. 1.)

Now another one for the hips and the tummy as well.

Crouch with one leg sideways and the hands resting on the ground, (Fig. 2.) Take some of the weight of the body on the hands; swing the sideways leg into the centre and at the same time swing the other leg out

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Now another one for the hips and the tummy as well.

Crouch with one leg sideways and the hands resting on the ground, (Fig. 2.) Take some of the weight of the body on the hands; swing the sideways leg into the centre and at the same time swing the other leg out

Take it a bit steadily at first, but after two or three tries you can really let yourself go!

Kneel with the knees comfortably apart; lower the trunk forward until it is horizontal, and place the hands on the ground for support.

Here is an exercise to loosen up stiff shoulder joints:

Stand with feet together, then swing each arm in turn in as big a circle as you can, both forwards and backwards.

Do this for about half a minute, then do the same with both arms at the same time. As your arms reach the highest point of their swing, rise up on your toes and look upwards at your hands. (Fig. 3.)

This is an exercise in the "Battle of the Bulges" that helps to keep the body supple.

Slide one hand under the opposite arm until the shoulder is almost touching the ground. (Fig. 4.)

From this position swing sideways and upwards until the arms are in one straight line and look up at the hand as you do so.

Start slowly and then work up to a comfortable rhythmic action. Do about 12 or 15 swings with each arm.

Finally, before going down to swim, try the first exercise

again, the Swing Step. This will help to loosen-up the legs before you enter the water.

To wind up, have a brief spasm of Knee Boxing. Stand facing a partner, the kneeling about quite lightly, the feet try to tap his knees with your hand, at the same time do your utmost to see that you do not get your own tapped.

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Do this for about half a minute, then do the same with both arms at the same time. As your arms reach



THE 6th Platoon, Royal Army Pay Corps, winners of the Inter-Platoon Challenge Shield at the Corps swimming sports held on Wednesday. (Staff Photographer)



MR U Tat-chee speaking on Hongkong industries at the monthly luncheon meeting of the Junior Chamber of Commerce. (Staff Photographer)



AT the Swiss National Day reception held at the Hongkong Club. Mr J. Kurmann (right), Swiss Consul, greeting Mr J. A. Blackwood. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: Leading Aircraftman J. Davies, of the RAF Station, Little Saiwan, giving his pint of blood at the British Red Cross Blood Donors' Centre at Statue Square last week. Twenty-eight RAF men gave their blood on the same afternoon. (Staff Photographer)



BRIDAL party outside St John's Cathedral after the wedding last Saturday of Mr Ian Aitken Scott and Lieutenant Betty Weston, QARANC. (Staff Photographer)



HIS Excellency the Governor of Macao, Rear-Admiral Joaquim Marques Esparteiro, sits in one of the school desks on his visit to the Escola Camoes, the recently opened Portuguese community school here. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: Two members of the Education Department, Mr John Charles Henry Gillard and Miss Jean Wilson Bartlett, who were married at St Andrew's Church last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Mr Chow Yuk-ho, leader of the Hongkong trade delegation to Indonesia, holds a banner from the Chinese Manufacturers' Union before his departure. With him are Mr Hui Ngok, Chairman of the Union (right), and Mr C. L. Hsu. (Staff Photographer)

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GROUP of happy Brownies who enjoyed themselves at a party given by Mrs M. W. Turner at her Peak residence on Tuesday. (Staff Photographer)

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REAR-ADMIRAL Hugh H. Goodwin, Commander of the U.S. Naval Forces in the Philippines, met by the U.S. Consul-General, Mr. Julian F. Harrington, on his arrival at Kai Tak on Tuesday. (Staff Photographer)



MR. Vicente I. Singian, Philippines Consul, who is leaving for London to become First Secretary at the Philippines Embassy there, speaking at the farewell dinner given by the Philippines Export-Import Association. (Staff Photographer)

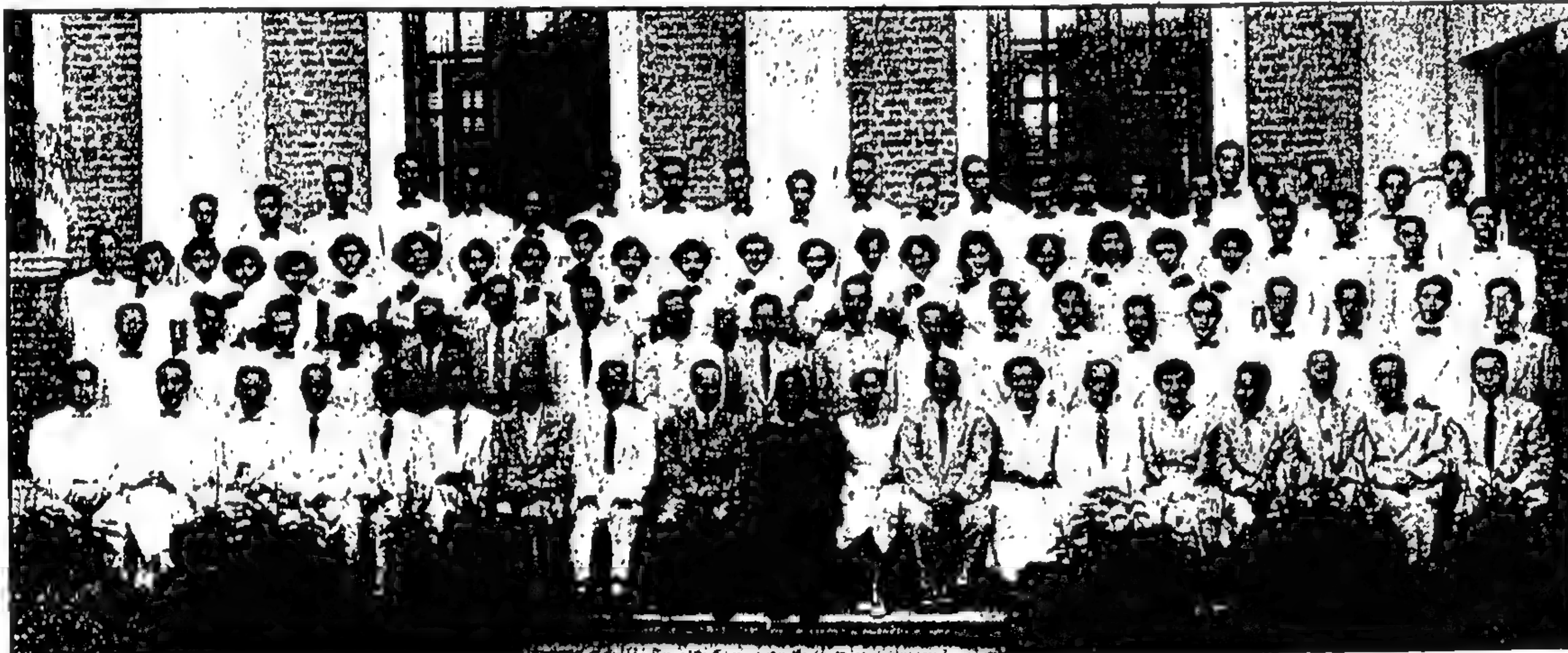


MR. D. Benson presenting prizes at the annual prizegiving ceremony of the Shanghai Street Children's Centre on Tuesday. (Staff Photographer)



THE 20th Hongkong Catholic Wolf Cub Pack snapped at Cheung Chau, where they spent the August Bank Holiday week-end.

RIGHT: Group picture taken at the annual graduation of the School of Higher Chinese Studies, Hongkong University. (Staff Photographer)



WINNERS in the first film competition sponsored by the Amateur Cine Club. Upper photo shows the winners in the 8 mm class. From left: A. F. Evans, F. A. Fisher, J. Willsaw, G. A. Woodier, P. Van Vliet, S. K. Kwong, T. T. Wong, W. A. Ho. Lower picture is of winners of the 16 mm class, and they are A. F. Evans, Rev. R. Zeller, Y. C. Rugge, Kong Hin-kwong, J. C. Liou, N. T. Assomull. (Staff Photographer)



AT the cocktail party held at the Hongkong Club on Wednesday to mark the inauguration of the Scandinavian Airline System's service to Hongkong. From left: The Hon. M. W. Turner, Mr. J. Eltson, Mrs. Borge Arnesen, Mr. B. H. J. Cellon and Mr. A. Borge Arnesen. (Staff Photographer)

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A hooded model in smart colourings.

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The Hoover Standard Cleaner with a complete set of cleaning tools for curtains, upholstery, floors etc. **\$425**

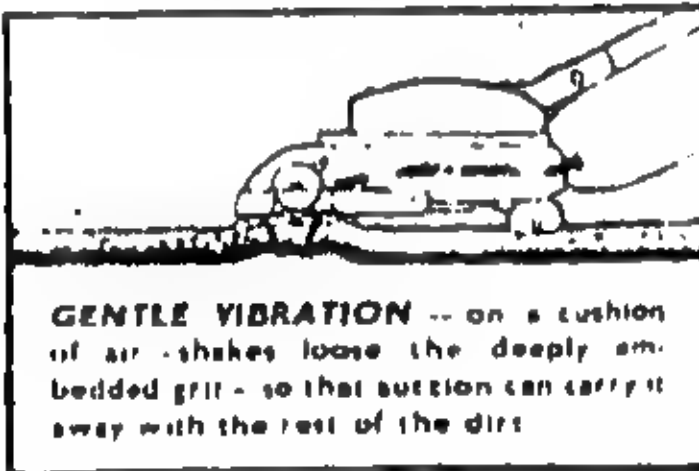
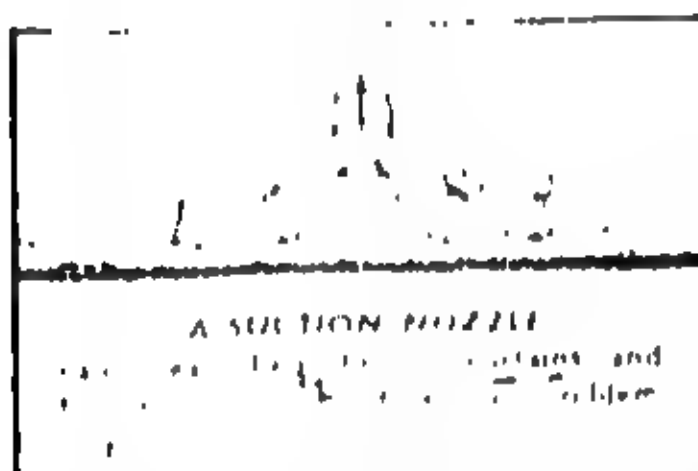
THE WORLD-FAMOUS HOOVER JUNIOR

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Caring For New Blouses

BLOUSE fabrics aren't what they seem this season.

If they look like Swiss batiste, they're probably a blend of a synthetic fibre and pima cotton. And if they appear to be pique, they're very likely embossed cotton. If you think that's an embroidered fabric in the blouse you just passed, look again—it's apt to be a print designed to look like embroidery. One synthetic fibre looks like wool crepe, and rayon looks for all the world like linen. It's amusing to guess and certainly all this fashionable deception does assure wonderful variety.

Essential Qualities

But it still adds up to the same: most house designers and manufacturers have in mind that a blouse, to be enjoyed, must be easy to wash, drip-dry quickly, and require little or no ironing. Even before the blouse-makers get around to making them, they think in terms of washability. For we've become a blouse-and-skirt generation. A suit designer thinks in terms of the blouse that will be worn with a suit and cute special necklines to show off the blouse.

Very sheer blouses have their place, but the trend is towards the opaque, for the simple reason that a blouse that's not too revealing has more opportunities to go places.

A good rule for washing any blouse is warm soapsuds, and if it requires hand-pressing, this should be done while it's damp. Let the synthetics drip dry on towel-padded hangers. Smooth ruffles, cartridge pleats carefully. Embossed cottons need no more finishing than a drip-drying. And this season those who fancy tucked blouses can indulge their preference to the hilt. Many garments have tiny baby tucks—the expensive-looking kind—knitted right in. You just can't wash them out! Pure silk blouses, will, of course, always remain favourites with many women. Some carry a tag recommending dry cleaning, but the washable ones, the silk crepes and such, are easy enough to launder—warm suds, warm rinsing water, and straight to the ironing board while still damp.

—Eleanor Ross

PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

Compact Comfort

IN days of old, when knights were bold, home was a castle—a nice, big drafty one. Give us a compact, comfortable modern house any day of the week!

The two homes featured today aren't painted, that's for sure. But they have more conveniences than any of the castles where King Arthur hung his crown.

A graceful trellis, a planting box filled with greenery and a pretty picture window make Design H-301-KF, at the top of the page, somebody's idea of home, sweet home.

The floor plan is simple, with large room areas. It's a perfect design for the young couple starting out or for the older folks who are looking ahead to retirement years.

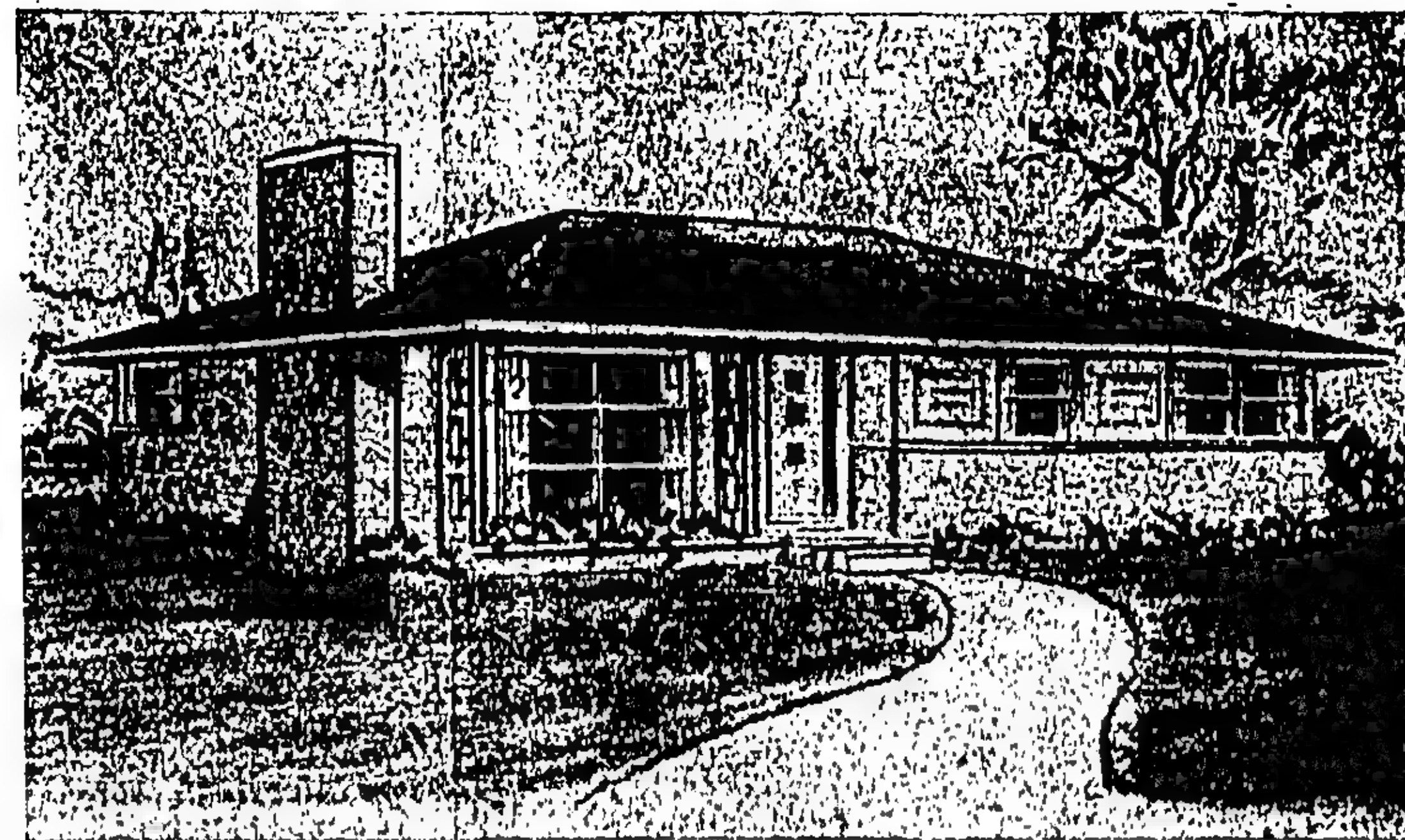
An especially charming and easy-to-decorate room. Plan H-301-KF comprises 18,415 cubic feet.

The living room of the other house, H-296-KF, may prove more pleasing to families who go in for a lot of entertaining. It's an L-shaped room with one corner reserved for dining.

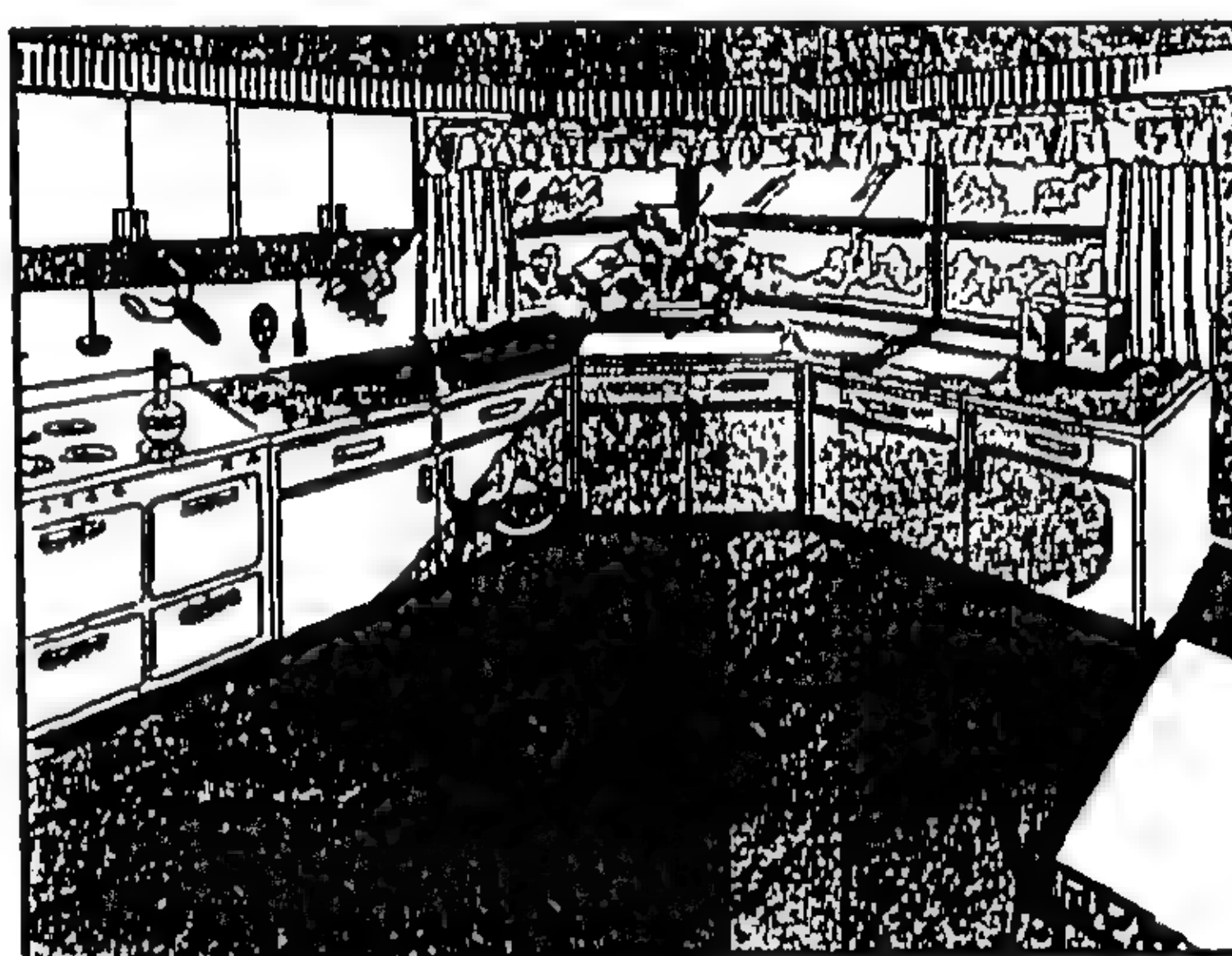
A top-to-bottom picture window highlights the living area, while the dining section is arranged so the table would undoubtedly be best placed in front of another large window area. The kitchen is easily reached from the dining area and, when a direct family meals can be served right in the kitchen, since it has space for a dinette set.

A hallway, running the width of the house and accessible from either kitchen or living-dining room, leads to the bath and both bedrooms. The house comprises 18,900 cubic feet.

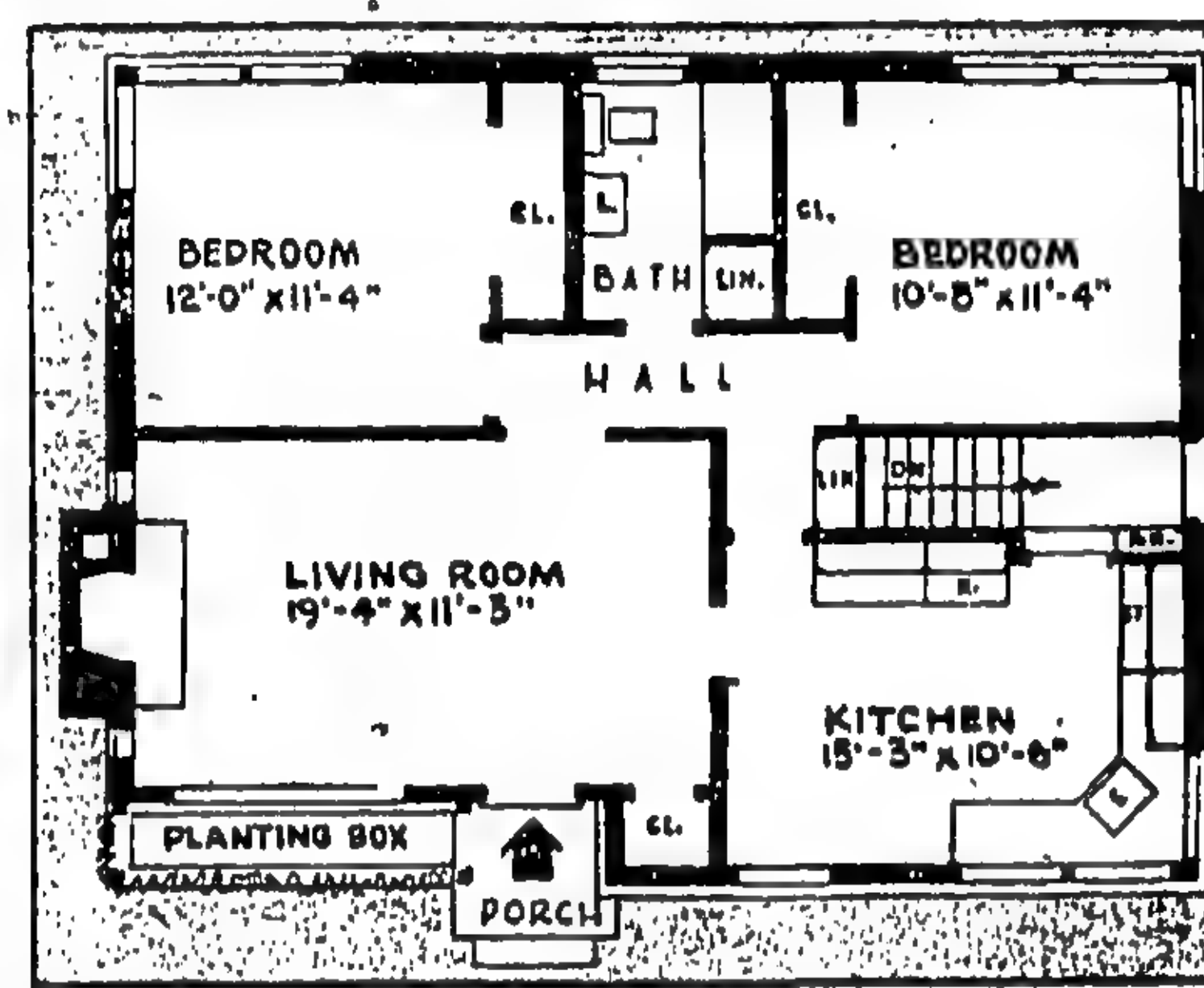
—Joan O'Sullivan



A STUDY IN CONTRASTS, the exterior of this home, H-301-KF, features a glass wall at left of the entrance. To the right, a dado of brick veneer is topped with white frame and a row of windows.



HOMEMAKERS WILL appreciate the kitchen of H-301-KF. Light and airy, it has many cabinets, as well as space for a breakfast table.



IN ADDITION to clothing closets, the house pictured at top of the page provides special closets for linen, brooms and outdoor wraps.

For Sedentary Workers—

AN EASY-GOING VACATION

By W. W. BAUER, M.D.

"YES, sir," said the bank teller to his next door neighbour, the physical education teacher, "on my vacation I'm having a real workout. Golf, tennis, mountain climbing, maybe. Swimming—oh, you know, the works. What are you going to do?"

"Well," replied the physical educator, "I think I'm just going to be lazy, for a change. Oh, I may play some tennis and do some hiking, but not too much." He yawned. "No, not too much."

What's wrong here? And what's right? The teller, sitting in his cage long hours daily—many more than what is commonly regarded as bankers' hours—is going to pack into his two or three weeks' vacation enough activity to tire out a physical educator in good athletic trim. Quite likely he will start out the first day of his vacation at an early hour, after being up late the night before to complete his preparations. He has to get up early, he tells his irritated spouse and rebellious children, because they have a long way to drive to get to their destination. So every body starts out tired and irritated, snapping at each other and at other drivers. A fine start for a joyous vacation, to say nothing of being a setup for an accident.

Don't Start Tired

Persons with sedentary occupations do themselves no good, and may suffer serious harm, by too strenuous a physical vacation. At the very least, they return tired and sore, having lost the benefits which they should have derived from a sensible vacation. In the higher age brackets, too much activity may bring about heart attacks or strokes. Aching joints and muscles have lost their elasticity and recuperative power to a greater or less extent.

A sensible vacation need not start with a long drive the very first day. One of the larger steamship companies has a slogan to the effect that most of the fun of a vacation consists in active one without harm.

getting to the destination. A more leisurely start, breaking a long trip with a short stay in a pleasant place, brings one to the chosen scene more refreshed. There is, moreover, merit in a gradual psychological transition from work to play. In some instances, where there has been great fatigue at work, a day or two of rest at home before starting out may contribute more to the success of the vacation than is lost through delay in getting to the chosen playground.

Take It Easy

Unless you are used to them, strenuous games like tennis or prolonged golfing should be introduced into the vacation gradually, working up from a single set or nine holes of golf to more prolonged and strenuous exercise. An athlete in prime condition may be able to knock off a tennis match before breakfast, climb a mountain in the morning, do 18 holes of golf in the afternoon, and dance most of the evening (and that's not much of an exaggeration compared with some vacations I have heard boasting about). But the office worker, especially beyond the age of 30, is simply asking for trouble if he tries it. May-be disaster.

There is a growing feeling that the best vacationing plan, especially for the worker in middle life and beyond, is not one big vacation splurge annually, but a number of short periods of relaxation, such as long weekends. In the case of professional workers, self-employed, a midweek afternoon helps to break the sequence and ease the tension of continuous high-pressure occupations. Realization of some of these goals may require some fairly drastic revisions in commercial and industrial practices, and first of all, revisions in our thinking. The idea that a vacation is a "frill" something nice to have but reserved for the lucky few, dies hard. But die it must, if man is to keep his physical health and emotional balance in an increasingly competitive and fast-paced world.

The physical educator had the right idea. "Be very planning a slow-paced, easy-going vacation, despite the fact that physically he could have endured the more fun of a vacation consisting in active one without harm."



A TRELLIS at the entry of H-296-KF should tempt gardeners. It's just the place for ivy or maybe rambler roses. A planting box under the top-to-bottom picture window has landscaping possibilities.

A Surprise From Seville

WANT a surprise for dinner? Let's go to Spain for it—a sizzling, spicy surprise from Seville called PORK in a SEVILLANA.

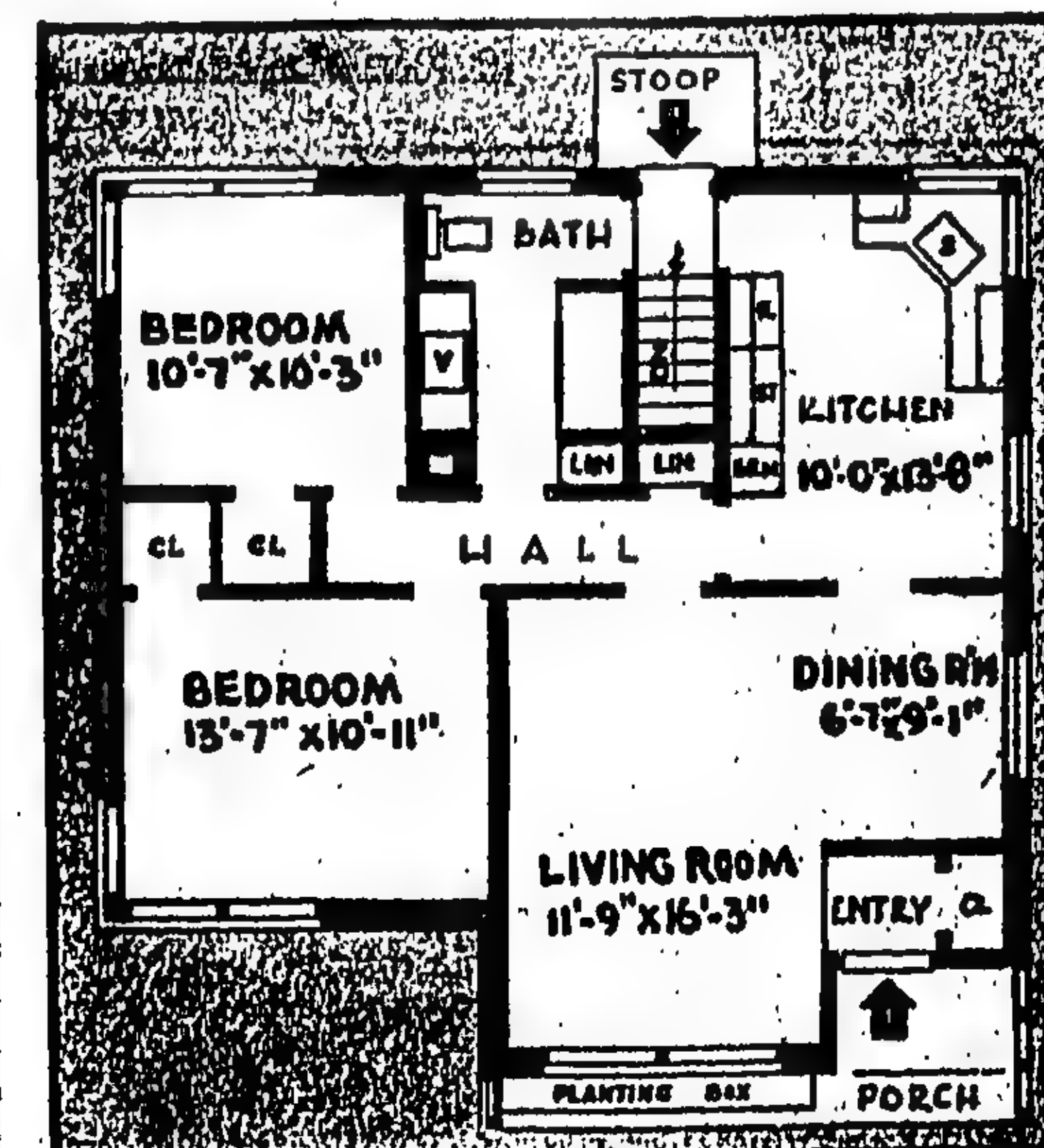
This is roast loin of pork with small new potatoes sprinkled with oil and chopped parsley and placed on a bed of small cooked marrows or cucumbers. A tomato sauce is served, and for this you'll need:

1 oz. butter or margarine, 1 oz. flour, one chopped clove garlic, 1/2 pint tomato puree, bayleaf, small piece parsley.

Melt butter and fry chopped garlic in it. Stir in the flour carefully. (To make the puree rub 1 lb. fresh tomatoes stewed in a little water or a small tin of tomatoes through a sieve.) Add the puree gradually to the flour and butter. Bring to the boil. Add bayleaf and parsley. Boil for 10 minutes and strain. Finally, add chopped green pimientos previously fried in oil.

Finish with this exciting Moorish sweet: Banana Fritters. Peel bananas, slice in half lengthways and soak in liquor (cane or cacao—or your favourite). Dip bananas in thick batter, flavoured with liquor and fry in hot fat until golden.

—JOYCE MURIL



FOR A SMALL HOME, this house has such deluxe features as a large bath equipped with a vanity counter and a linen storage unit.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

When you give the kitchen bottom drawer instead of floor a new linoleum cover, you moving the whole place of other heavy objects, back into place without scarring the floor.

To save this in preparation, if you use an old blanket as a dip, rip it into strips for 'tatted' in a boiling water for about 10 minutes, then in the refrigerator.

Easy way to vacuum under a bed and reach those spots under heavy chair—just take out the use them.

Parker "51" Pen



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WELCOME GIFT
THAN EVER!

LONG the world's most-wanted pen, the Parker "51" today is even more highly favoured! For the Plathonium-tipped point of this remarkable pen actually "wears in" to each person's own way of writing—then stays that way for decades and decades. And with Parker's exclusive Aerometric Ink System, each easy filling means hours of flawless writing. Choose the beautiful Parker "51" Pen for your gift giving. Choice of nib grades.



For best results in this and all other pens, use Parker Quink, the only ink containing solvent.

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ARTIE'S HEADLINE



AND FOR THOSE WHO PREFER A BOOK INDOORS, HERE'S NEWS OF AN OUTDOOR HERO

Nancy Spain FINDS A NEW HERO—and FEINTS

TAFFRAIL... Bartimeus... Marryat... Monsarrat... Forester: these are the names of the men who have written of the sea. So much so that I often feel they write with salt water instead of ink.

Today you must add a new name to the list. J. E. Mac-

donnell, who has created a thoroughly satisfactory sailor hero, **JIM BRADY, Leading Seaman (Constable, 11s. 6d.).**

Brady is a smashing Australian. He is intelligent, light-creamed, and champion light-creamed. He is the Royal Marines' Oh so he says. Mister Vesper gives Jim his first lesson in boxing and his first wish is that Jim should join the Navy.

On the run

It grows up in the outback, the range. He has a wonderful old collier, the local drunk, called Mister Vesper. Mister Vesper was once a great champion and champion light-creamed. He is the Royal Marines' Oh so he says. Mister Vesper gives Jim his first lesson in boxing and his first wish is that Jim should join the Navy.

Well, Jim goes to But first he goes to the local secondary school, matriculates, is a vov with the girls, and he learns to box. Oh, how Jim learns to box. Indeed, he boxes so much that his every social encounter is accompanied by a dear little scene like this:

Jim stepped back one pace, lightly. Jim chopped him neatly with a left hook to the side of the jaw. A swift point to his opponent's flushed face, and a right flat ripper, savagely into his solar plexus, and

Into action

Joining Jim joins the Australian Navy. His eyes are narrowed all the time. We follow every step of his advancement, from ordinary seaman to able seaman to leading hand, and just about the youngest "killik" in the Australian Navy.

Jim goes into action. His ship engages the Italian Navy. The magazine below his gun turret catches fire and it is (every-one else in authority being dead or unconscious) who has to order the blazing magazine to be flooded. This drowns a good few of his chums.

Poor old Jim. He has a species of nervous breakdown. But the book ends on a real bugle note

At the hospital

So much for action. How about romance? There is a perfectly splendid American story called **FIVE O'CLOCK SURE**.

GEON (Gryphon Books, 6s. 6d.), by Dorothy Pierce Walker.

Steve Lovett is the hero. Steve is a surgeon who loves his work. He is engaged to beautiful, rich Leslie Townsend who is cross because Steve puts his patients first.

But slender brown-eyed Julie understands. Julie is a nurse.

Aha. But there is also a villain, sneaking round the hospital, terrible, careless, shipshod. Dr. Vincent Rhead. Vincent eventually breaks a bottle of all-important plasma because he is thrusting his unwelcome attentions on Julie in the blood bank.

So Steve discovers that it is really Julie he loves.

So nurse gets surgeon. And what could be nicer than that?

PARADE A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

THIRD For the first time in six months, Anton Man, the Vienna THEME, either player who won the "Harry Lime" theme in the "Third Man" film, has a happy smile on his face.

Since January, when the bespectacled, middle-aged little Austrian musician first opened his Heurige, or "Vienna wine tavern," "At the Sign of the Third Man," he has been entertaining his customers and serving food and drink—without a licence.

Trouble started at Anton's when rival tavern keepers, suffering from an overdose of sour grapes, applied for a suspension of the successful zither wizard's licence to "purvey wine, pickled meat, fried chicken and Wiener Schnitzel" on the grounds that Anton was a mere amateur, and that there were too many taverns in the Third Man City anyway.

Rather than give in to the jealousies of his less successful "professional" rivals, Anton breathed defiance, and managed

to keep going by paying a 15 pounds fine once a fortnight.

When the "case of the Third Man" was given more space in foreign newspapers than the Austrian Foreign Minister's speech at the Berlin conference, Anton's licence became High Politics.

And now at last, after Anton's lawyer had threatened to take the case before the Austrian Supreme Court, he has got back his licence to sell "wine, pickled meat..."

NO BOMBS, PLEASE

According to a sign up all over the town this week, Parisians are "kindly requested" not to "throw bombs or other explosive matter down drains or into dustbins."

The notice explains that sewage workers don't like the idea of meeting a bomb one little bit.

Apparently, the notice became necessary after official reminder that it was illegal to possess explosives.

Parisians still have odd bombs left over from the underground days.

No one will be prosecuted if he asks the municipal bomb disposers to take the stuff off his hands.

HAT TRICK

Now the New Zealand Army will look more like the Boy Scouts themselves—and vice versa.

The famous "boy scout" hat, adopted later by the Army, has been abandoned by the Scouts.

And guess what the Scouts will wear?

Army type berets.

THE CHIMPANZEE AND BABY

which a Professor adopted a little chimpanzee called Gua and brought it up side by side with a human baby is described by Sir Cyril Burt, formerly Professor of Psychology at London University, in an article in Family Doctor, the British Medical Association magazine.

"Gua was treated not as an animal pet but as a member of the family—dressed exactly like the child, nursed and trained in the same way, rewarded, scolded or punished in the same way," writes Sir Cyril.

"At first the development of the chimpanzee was much more rapid, he learned to use a cup and spoon several weeks before his human companion. By the age of twelve months he was able to walk upright, and could respond

NEW TIE

Members of the British "The Manufacturers' Club" are the men who design and make the old school tie, the regimental tie and club tie—in fact every kind of tie—but it has taken them a long time to get round to making one specially for themselves.

It is rather a magnificent affair in rich burgundy-coloured silk with a silver diagonal stripe, and is only sold privately to members at a mere 27s. 6d.

The design incorporates an unobtrusive piece of advertising.

Running along the stripe to look like part of the pattern are the words: "A new tie in a tone," written backwards so as to be decipherable only in front of a mirror.

BEE

Starvation faces millions of bees in the north of England as a result of the failure of their main source of summer food—the white clover. The crop has failed because of cold weather.

Unless there is an "Indian Summer" in the autumn when beekeepers can take their hives to the moors for the heather crop stocks of bees will have to be fed on sugar syrup to keep them alive through the winter.

"This summer" is said to have been the worst for beekeeping known.

ONE-ARMED BANDITS

Greeks are looking forward to the war to the reappearance of slot machines. They have been missing in Greece, not on moral grounds, but because the currency has had no coins since the war.

Inflation hit so hard that it would have taken a truckload of coins to buy anything in the more expensive than a pair of shoes.

Now the currency has been reformed. A thousand dracamas in the old currency will be worth one in the new.

UNLUCKY ONE

They called 36-year-old Mateo Sevill the unluckiest man in Spain.

One by one, in the last four months, his four children were killed in accidents. Then three railway crashes and a car crash killed his mother, his brother, and his two sisters.

One day this week Mateo had a dream. He saw himself killed in an explosion.

The next day, a hand-grenade blew up during a military manoeuvre. Mateo was killed.

THAT'S EXTORTION!

Buenos Aires police figure they've uncovered the great-granddaddy of the world's extortion plots.

Behind bars is 20-year-old ships' watchman Oscar Perez Escudero.

Here's what police say he did: First he agreed to work an illegal currency switch to get \$300 for a 42-year-old Englishman. When the latter showed up for his money, Escudero demanded (1) that he sign a paper in front of two witnesses agreeing to let Escudero marry his daughter; (2) that he add 5,000 pesos in cash; (3) that he throw in two chairs, a wardrobe and a chest of drawers for good measure.

Penalty for not paying up—no dollars and exposure to the police.

The Englishman paid and signed. Then Escudero demanded the dollars back, too—as a dowry.

OH! Who ever thought a Frenchman would need somebody to help him find a wife?

Frenchmen—says Mile Jeanette Marchal.

And guess who's going to offer that helping hand? An Englishwoman! Her Bond Street matrimonial bureau in London won such acclaim that she had hundreds of letters from Frenchmen asking if she would open a branch in Paris to help them.

She has and she's hired Mile Marchal to do the job.

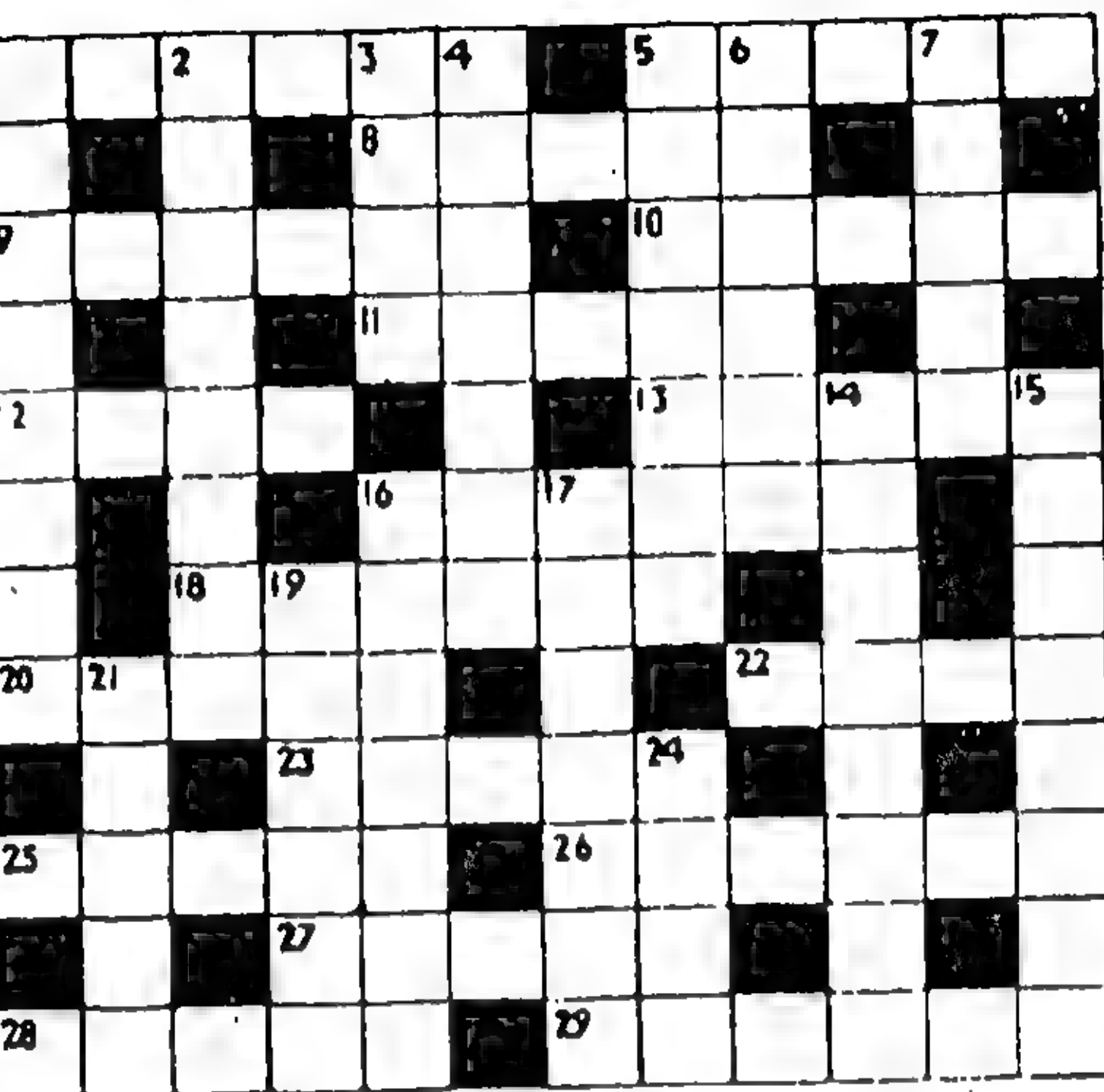
MONKEY In Rome last week, BUSINESS they made a monkey out of J. Fred Mugs, the famous (or infamous) chimpanzee of American television.

The railways ruled he was a "ferocious beast" and wouldn't let him ride except in a packing case.

The superintendent of fine arts issued an order that no pictures could be taken of Mugs with the city's monuments as background.

Police were ordered to follow him everywhere—just to make sure there was no monkey business.

A British Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS

- 1 Leathe (6)
- 5 Rule (5)
- 8 Truck (5)
- 9 Chase (6)
- 10 Scholar (5)
- 11 Cooked (5)
- 12 Short test (4)
- 13 Birds' homes (5)
- 16 Interfere with (6)
- 18 Expressed a view (6)
- 20 Enchantress (5)
- 22 Australian bird (1)
- 23 Film award (5)
- 25 Slumbered (5)
- 26 Special aptitude (6)
- 27 Bar (5)
- 28 Game dog (6)

DOWN

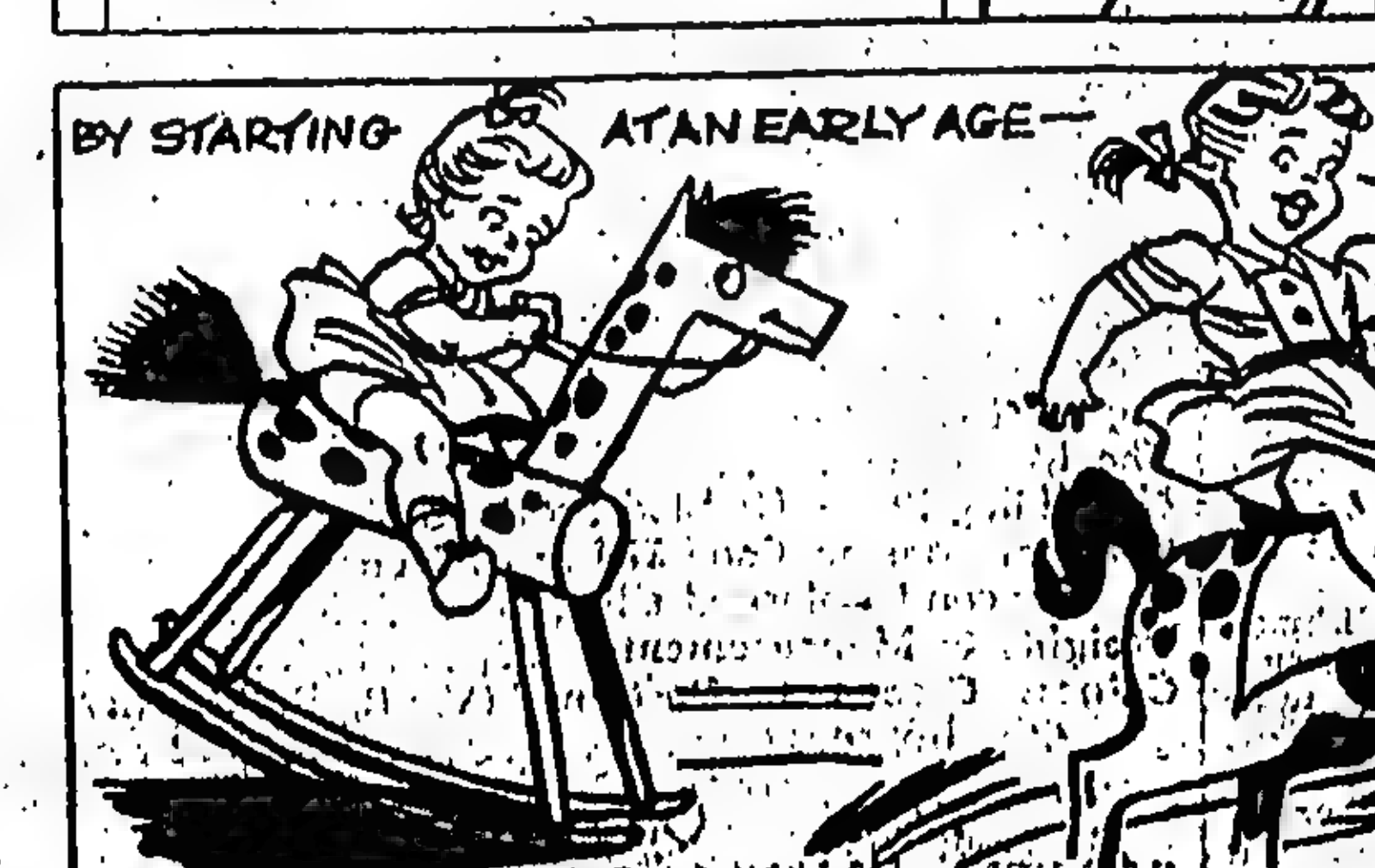
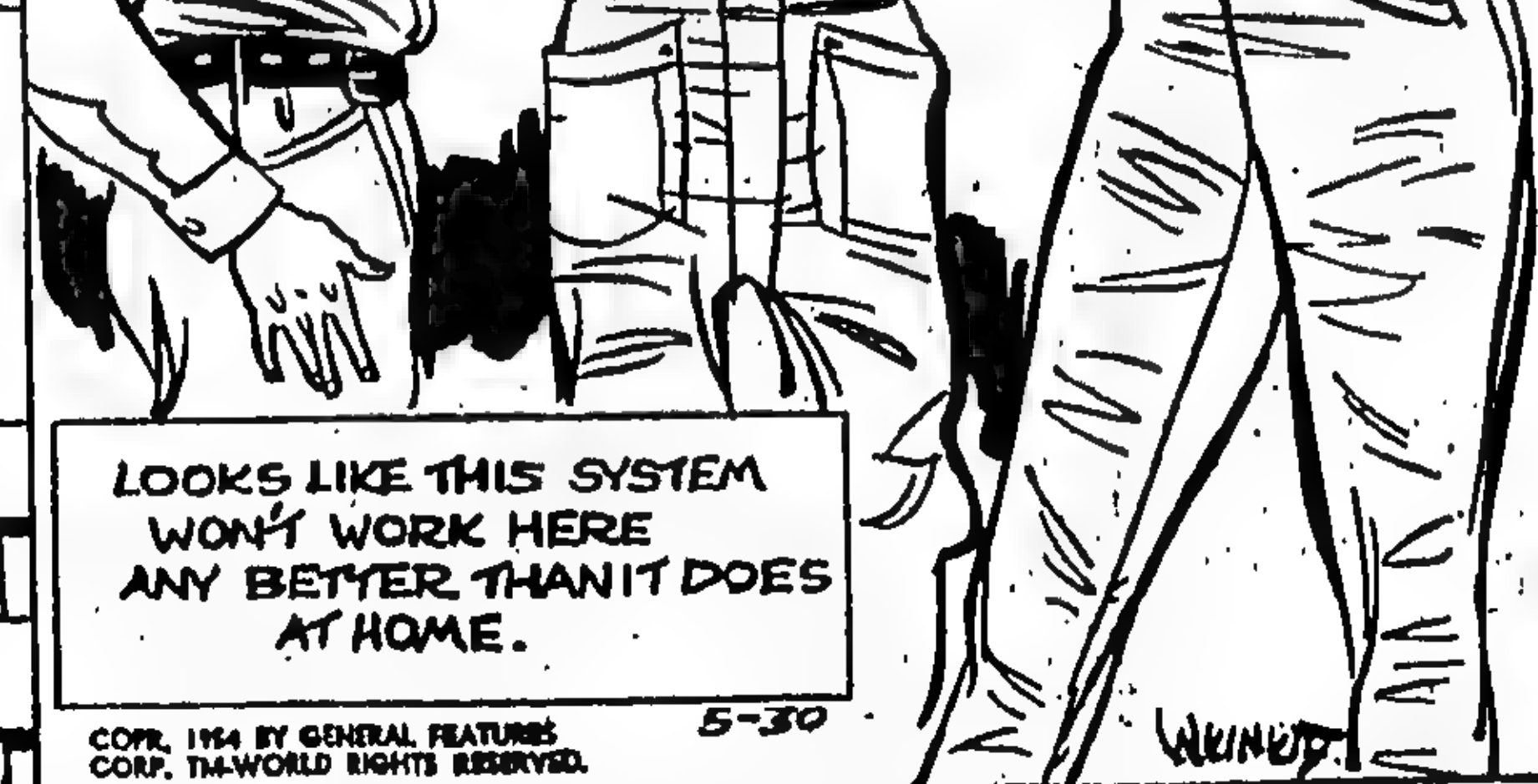
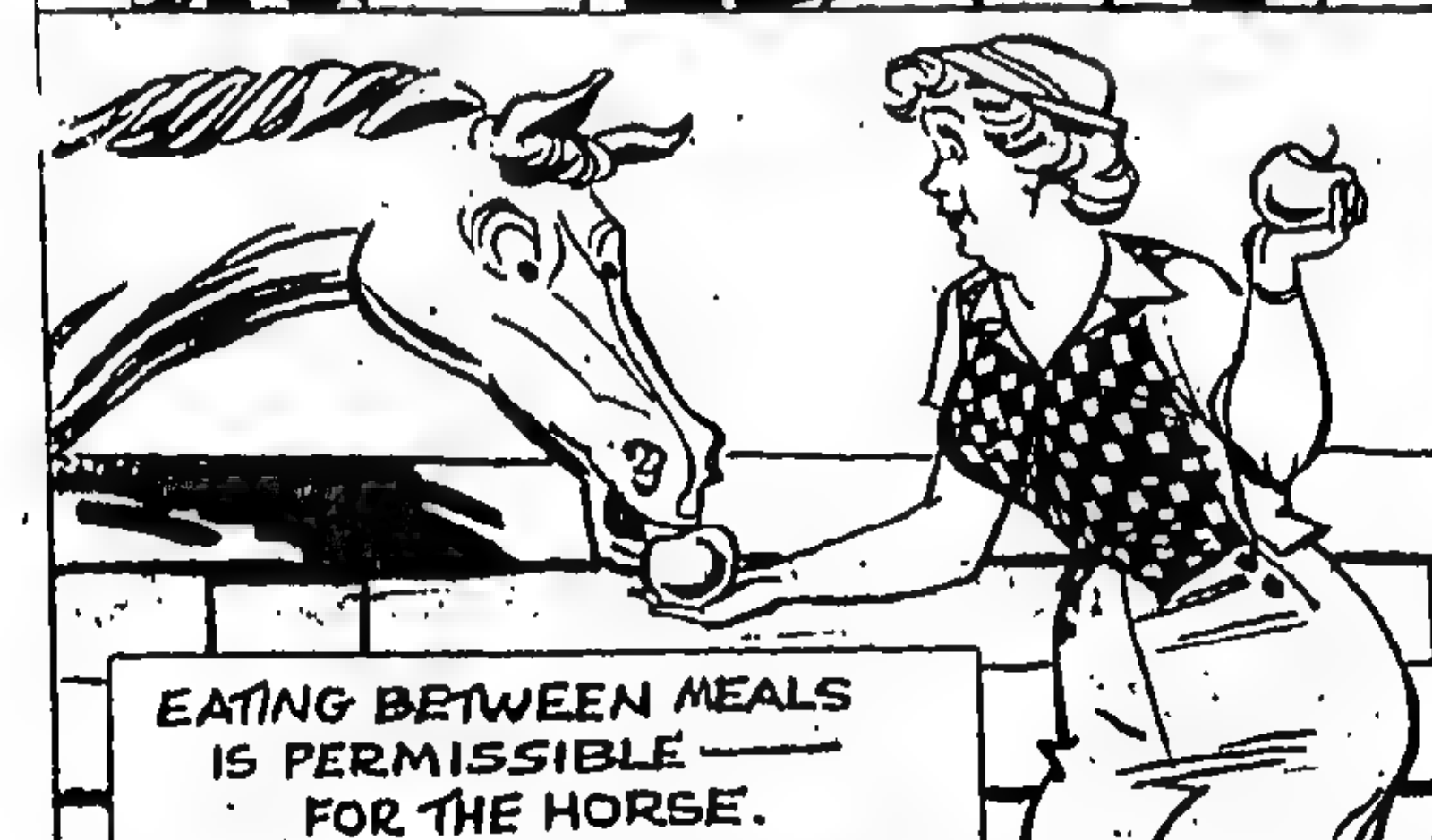
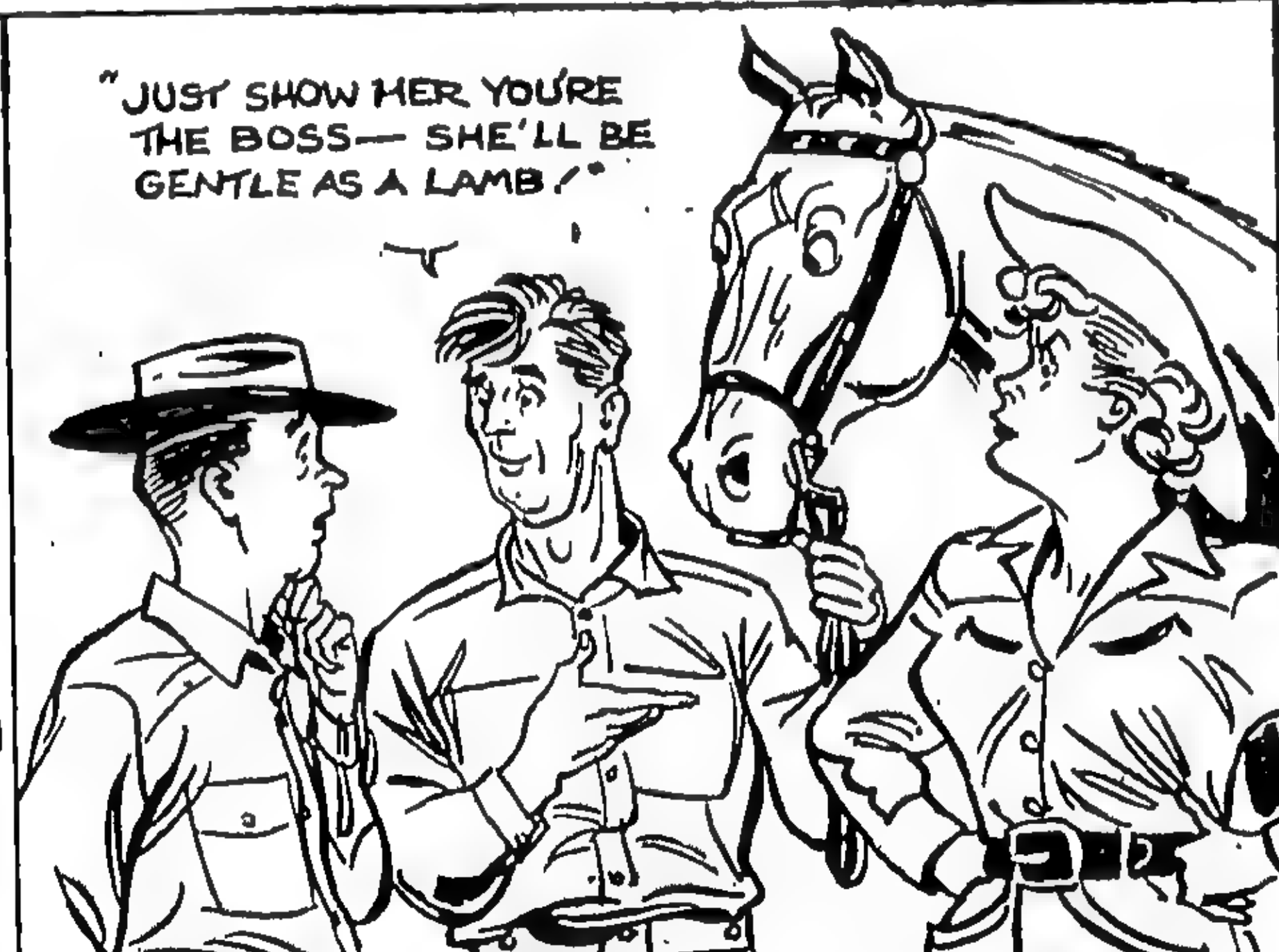
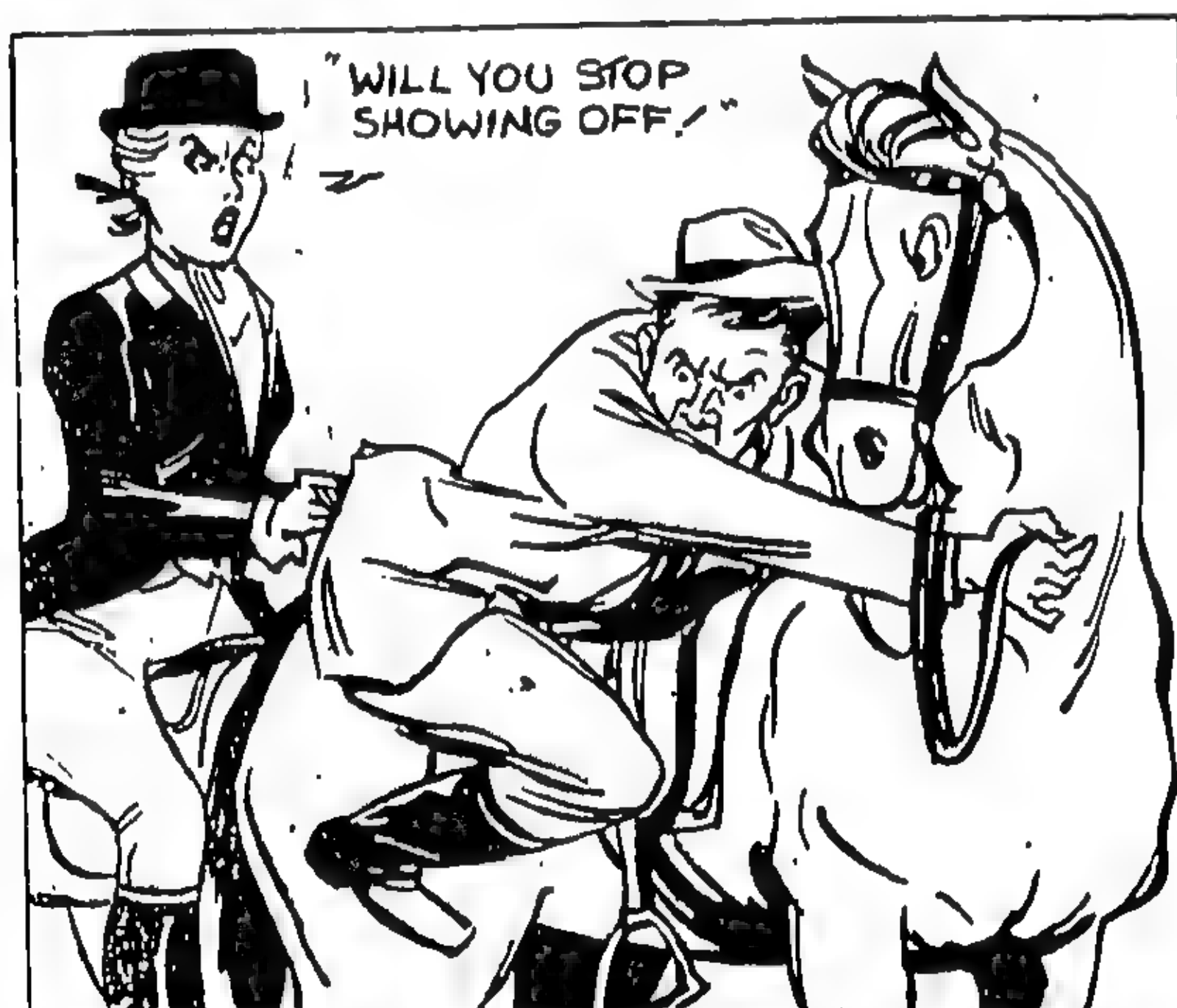
- 1 Exhausts (6)
- 2 Bull-fighter (6)
- 3 Counterfeit (4)
- 4 Treachery (7)
- 5 Mated (7)
- 6 Doctors (6)
- 7 Calipso (6)
- 8 Rancours (6)
- 9 Transgression (6)
- 10 Church (7)
- 11 Ambassadors (7)
- 12 Populace (6)
- 13 Creek (5)
- 14 Connection (4)

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD.—Across: 3 Cat, 7 Whole, 8 Lion, 9 Pie, 10 Evicted, 12 Asks, 15 Taxes, 16 Weid, 19 Urges, 21 Trade, 22 Spain, 23 Rates, 26 Pins, 29 Patched, 30 Curb, 31 Come, 32 Plain, 33 Nuns. **Down:** 1 Shore, 2 Elected, 4 Abide, 6 Photo, 6 Bk, 9 Port, 11 Taper, 13 Sign, 14 Side, 16 Super, 17 Stop, 18 Wain, 20 Rasels, 22 Stab, 24 Appear, 25 Supple, 27 Awe, 28 Scan.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Horse 'Non' Sense

BY HARRY WEINERT



By DENNIS HART

By Reg. Wootton



By BRIAN URIDGE

Don't let your alarm clock replace

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THE AMERICAN PGA'S FIVE OFFICIAL POINTS OF THE GOOD GOLF SWING

By BERNARD HUNT

For many years the American professional golfers have been considered well ahead of the tournament players in England. And I suppose we must give that wonderful little man Ben Hogan a special niche of his own. But I believe the over-all difference has been narrowed so much in recent years that it is now right down to the mere width of that four-foot putt I missed on the 18th green in the Ryder Cup at Wentworth last year. If I had sunk that we would have held the Americans in the match.

Many people since then have asked me about that putt, and all I can say is that it was a rank bad one—one I would reckon to sink nine times out of ten. Could you tell why or how you hit a bad putt? I don't think you could, and I certainly can't tell you why I hit that one badly. Some people say it was because the "heat" was on. Maybe. It would be stupid for me to argue. All I can say is that I have hit putts when the heat has been on before, and I have hit them a darned sight better than that one.

I have had quite a lot of nasty dreams about that putt so I propose to leave it behind me now and recall some of the more pleasant features of the Americans' visit and their golf.

From the tee I felt that our general standard was well up to theirs. There was nothing in the long shots through the green, either. Their main advantage was in a slight degree of greater accuracy in short pitching and putting.

Arsenal Cash Gets Star Of Brentford

Arsenal beat several other clubs to the signature of 21-year-old Brentford forward Jimmy Bloomfield when they secured him last week for a "substantial fee."

"The only reason we let this promising player go was that we are so urgently in need of money," said Brentford's manager, Mr. Bill Dodgin. Some of the money will go on a new goalkeeper.

Bloomfield, who joined Brentford two seasons ago from Hayes (Middlesex) finished his Army National Service last month. He made 27 League appearances last season and netted three goals.

Another transfer took Johnny Downie, 23-year-old "Scotch" inside forward, from Luton Town to Hull City for about £8,000.

Downie was an £18,000 signing when he left Bradford for Manchester United in 1949. Luton signed him a year ago.

Luton Orient obtained their second Chelsea player last week—Scottish wing-half Phil McKnight. Formerly of Alloa, he follows full-back Jimmy Lee from Stamford Bridge to Orient.

Dave Miller, Aldershot left half, has been secured by Ray Middleton, player-manager of Midland League club Boston United.

FAR FROM HIS AIN FOLK

Jimmy Scouler, Scottish International and Newcastle United's right half and captain, may come from North of the Border but his heart is still 300 miles away in the deep South—at Portsmouth, in fact, the club with whom he found fame.

He spends every summer there playing his favourite game of bowls. His father Alex is a Scottish International and ex-National Champion and they are both members of the Portsmouth Southsea Castle Club. Jimmy has just won the Bognor Open Singles Tournament.

The pitch shot, of course, is their speciality. On the American circuit of tournaments they play to heavily watered greens, and have perfected the art of hanging the ball right up to the pin. Over here we have no heavy watering to standardise our pitching. As we move from one course to another we find soft greens one day and bone-hard ones the next. Always we have to try to judge a degree of run to the pin.

THE MIRACLE MAN

I thought Sam Sneed was a dought to watch; and, in the open, it was a treat to see miracle man Ben Hogan playing his way to triumph. I say "miracle man" because Ben was nearly killed and crippled in a terrible motor smash a few years ago. Doctors said he would never swing a club again.

But Ben, with the encouragement of his wife, thought otherwise. Even before he could walk across the room again he was swinging a club and getting his damaged hands back into shape. His recovery to take the American and British Open Championships since is one of the most glorious stories of guts and determination in sporting history.

They made a film of that story with Ben playing the shots which came into it. That was the film my younger brother Jeff saw five times and from which he learned to play golf. To the tight, efficient, compact style of Hogan's I think Jeff can be a very great player indeed.

Of the Americans in the Ryder Cup match over here, I thought Jimmy Burke, with his wonderful hand control and smooth, compact style, was the real model to watch and copy.

From the point of view of toning up the game of the British team I thought Henry Cotton did a splendid thing in having his men together for a full week before the Cup games. He talked hard to us, and we played hard, concentrated, fighting golf against each other every day.

In a much smaller way, I suppose, we established the atmosphere the American boys get every year on their follow-the-sun circuit. They play competition stuff all the time, constantly sharpening their game against each other and with no diversions like teaching to put them off. We had it for a week and found it helpful. Before our next team sails for America I hope the idea is carried forward to make the training time a full month.

FIVE POINTS

After all, you can't expect to walk out and beat a Hogan if you have been spending hours trying to teach a 24-handicapper how to cure his slice. Or am

I wrong? I know the organisation needed to get our top players together for a period as long as a month will be difficult. But I think it should be tackled, for I am sure it will have results worth all the effort.

I seem to have wandered a great deal from my original topic which was to describe the official American method of striking a golf ball. I know that all the Americans you see as individual in style as we are, but the American Professional Golfers' Association has applied a great deal of thought to the problem of the best method of striking a ball. They have set out in black and white what they consider the five cardinal points of the good golf swing.

If I were asked for a generalisation, I would say that most of the good Americans have a more upright swing than ours; they favour the full pivot and get their shoulders well round, and they take the club much straighter back—cutting out much of our in-to-out preference—and hit very late with little or no wrist roll.

But here are the five official points of the good golf swing according to the American PGA—and very good they are too:

Point 1. Steady head position at the start and throughout the swing. This is recognised as an aid to good posture and for maintaining correct body balance during the swing.

Point 2. Firmness of the left hand grip and control with the left arm at the start and throughout the swing. This is to ensure the formation of the circular arc with the clubhead. It also promotes the coordination of both sides of the body during the swing. Emphasis is placed on left arm development to compensate for the natural right-handedness of most golfers.

Point 3. Ball placement. The ball should be placed on the left of the centre position as regards the feet. This gives a longer arc to generate clubhead speed, encourages hitting through the ball, and helps in keeping the play "behind the ball" at impact.

Point 4. A preliminary waggle of the clubhead with the hands and a forward "press" with the legs. This promotes "feel of the clubhead," and releases tension, thereby enabling a player to take off in coordination with a smooth start.

Point 5. The weight of the lower part of the body moves with or ahead of the swing, particularly the downswing. In other words, the golfer must be balanced and his weight must be working with the swing. This proper use of the weight enables the player's mass to re-inforce the effort of the arm, hand and clubhead action during the swing.

And that is all there is to it!

FOOTBALL? WHAT, WITH A FOOT LIKE THIS?



Jovial Joe Mercer takes a rest on the sea front at West Kirby, Cheshire. It's a tiring job hobbling around with the help of hand crutches. As the soccer season approaches the former Arsenal and England skipper feels the old urge to get out on the pitch with a ball at his toes.

Ever since he fractured his leg, 40-year-old Mercer has insisted: "I'll be back next season." But Arsenal boss Tom Whittaker has told him, "Your playing days are over." And Joe realises he's right. — Express Photo.

LAWN BOWLS LEAGUE STANDINGS

1st Division	P	W	D	L	F	A	U	D	Pts.
Bereito (Blues)	11	10	1	0	711	503	148	—	37½
KCC	11	10	0	1	624	502	42	—	36
IRC	11	9	1	1	657	623	34	—	29
Bereito (Whites)	11	9	0	2	640	609	31	—	29
CKC	11	9	0	2	509	548	1	—	28½
KBOC	11	8	1	2	614	784	—	110	22
IRC	11	8	1	2	612	691	—	15	14½
IRC	11	8	1	2	630	701	—	131	12½

2nd Division	P	W	D	L	F	A	U	D	Pts.
IRC	13	10	0	3	869	733	106	—	40½
CKC	13	10	0	3	832	759	73	—	38
TC	13	7	0	6	600	722	66	—	25
Bereito	13	7	0	6	623	744	81	—	27
CKC	13	6	4	3	764	653	81	—	36½
USRC	13	6	4	3	701	702	—	171	27
USRC	13	6	4	3	673	743	—	70	29½
KBOC	13	6	4	3	615	700	—	145	18½
IRC	13	6	4	3	638	649	—	203	15

3rd Division	P	W	D	L	F	A	U	D	Pts.
FC	10	8	0	2	633	451	201	—	30½
IRC	10	8	0	2	619	428	61	—	30½
KCC	10	8	0	2	554	490	64	—	28
IRC	10	8	0	2	554	490	64	—	28
IRC	10	8	0	2	548	609	—	121	20
IRC	10	8	0	2	541	596	—	37	15
IRC	10	8	0	2	510	570	—	35	13½
IRC	10	8	0	2	564	706	—	141	12½

SKIPS TABLES

1st Division	P	W	D	L	F	A	U	D	Pts.
J.F.V. Ribeiro (Rec)	11	9	1	1	269	176	89	—	7½
E. Baker (KCC)	11	7	1	3	252	187	65	—	7
J. McKelvie (KBOC)	11	7	1	3	261	182	79	—	7
J.E. Noronha (Rec)	11	7	1	3	201	212	30	—	7
J.M. Oms (IRC)	11	6	2	3	193	132	61	—	6
A.M. Oms (IRC)	11	6	2	3	211	166	25	—	6
W. Wong Sling (CCC)	11	6	2	3	211	166	25	—	6

2nd Division	P	W	D	L	F	A	U	D	Pts.
B.I. Bickford (IRCFC)	13	9	4	0	291	218	73	—	9
A.A. dos Remedios (Rec)	13	9	4	0	276	223	54	—	9
N.I. Divocha (KCC)	13	9	4	0	300	244	56	—	9
W.J. Howard (KCC)	13	9	4	0	290	248	42	—	9
K.A. Baker (IRCFC)	13	7	1	5	229	144	85	—	7½
J.B. Baxter (T.C.)	13	7	1	5	202	127	75	—	7½
B. Tay (CCC)	13	7	1	5	214	147	67	—	7½
J.M.A. Rumball (IRC)	13	6	2	5	254	213	41	—	7
L.F. Corgrave (USRC)	13	6	2	5	194	155	39	—	7
J.H. Kinniburgh (T.C.)	13	7	1	5	246	234	12	—	7
R.B. Marshall (IRCFC)	13	7	1	5	246	246	—	2	7

3rd Division	P	W	D	L	F	A	U	D	Pts.
V.A. Nevis (F.C.)	9	8	1	0	177	142	35	—	6½
B. Acker (IRC)	9	8	1	0	215	161	54	—	6½
H.A.V. Ribeiro (F.C.)	9	8	1	0	129	143	40	—	6½
F.R. Marker (IRC)	9	8	1	0	215	142	73	—	6½
C. Champelodier (KCC)	9	8	1	0	163	171	—	8	6
C. Pile (IRC)	9	8	1	0	163	171	—	8	6

A Rare Character Is Charlie

By ARCHIE QUICK

Derbyshire County Cricket Club possesses a rare character in programme seller Charlie Watson. This ex-private of the Lincolnshire was 70 years old the other day, and the first two greeting cards he received were from his "Mum" and "Dad" in Grantham! They are 93 and 95 respectively!!

Charlie, white-haired, ruddy-cheeked, always smiling, is as hale and hearty as he is popular on the Derby, Chesterfield, Ilkerton, Burton and Buxton grounds. He lives at 77, West-bury Street, Derby, has twelve years' regular service to his credit, was in India for seven years and in World War I on the Somme. He has since been a postman, and now in winter-time he is a gardener. His father and mother are equally active.

Derbyshire Secretary Mr W. T. Taylor—fifty years with the club—tells me the rain this summer has cost the club nearly £4,000 in lost "gates."

He also told me that when wicket-keeper Charlie Dawkes shortly completes his 10,000th run in first class cricket he is to be the recipient of a specially made bat by a Chesterfield supporter in that line of business.

I also heard that, for the first time, Yorkshire CCC are to play a county match at Middleborough the season after next. This North-East corner of England is cricket-starved.

MOST INTERESTING

Perhaps the most interesting cricketer in the Derby eleven is Derek Morgan. This ex-Public Schoolboy, who later went to London University, turned his back on an engineering career to become a professional cricketer, but he gained his ambition the hard way.

Born at Muswell Hill, he had a birth qualification for Middlesex. They gave him a trial and he heard no more.

His school was in Hertfordshire, but before he could accept a Minor Counties offer he was whisked away by National Service to Derbyshire. Stationed at Hilton, he rose to be a sergeant in the Artillery.

The County authorities gave him a trial, made him an offer which he accepted and neither club nor player has since regretted the contract.

Sandwiched between the Middlesex and Derbyshire trials and the Hertfordshire offer was also a trial by Northamptonshire, and they, like his native county, were not interested. Magnificently built, he is now one of Derbyshire's four-promoted battery of fast bowlers—Jackson, Gladwin and Eaton are the others—and if Derbyshire should win the County Championship (their only successes have been in 1874 and 1930) it will be this speed attack more than the batting which will have been responsible. Jackson is second in the averages, Gladwin eighth, Morgan 22nd.

Morgan has played for the Public Schools at Lord's and Northern Command. He has played Soccer for Oxford City in the Isthmian League and Banbury Spencer in the Birmingham Combination and has appeared as centre three-quarter for Derby Rugby Club!

A RACING "FROGMAN"

Alan Hime of London was a surprise selection for the England team at Vancouver in the Empire Games. Hime, 25-year-old, 220 Yards Breast Stroke swimmer, was also a surprise to the officials because of his methods during the trials at Blackpool.

With a third of the bath to complete as a last lap, Hime turned, dived and remained under water the whole length. He was quite entitled to do so, but the surprise element almost "popped" National Champion Peter Jarvis on the post.

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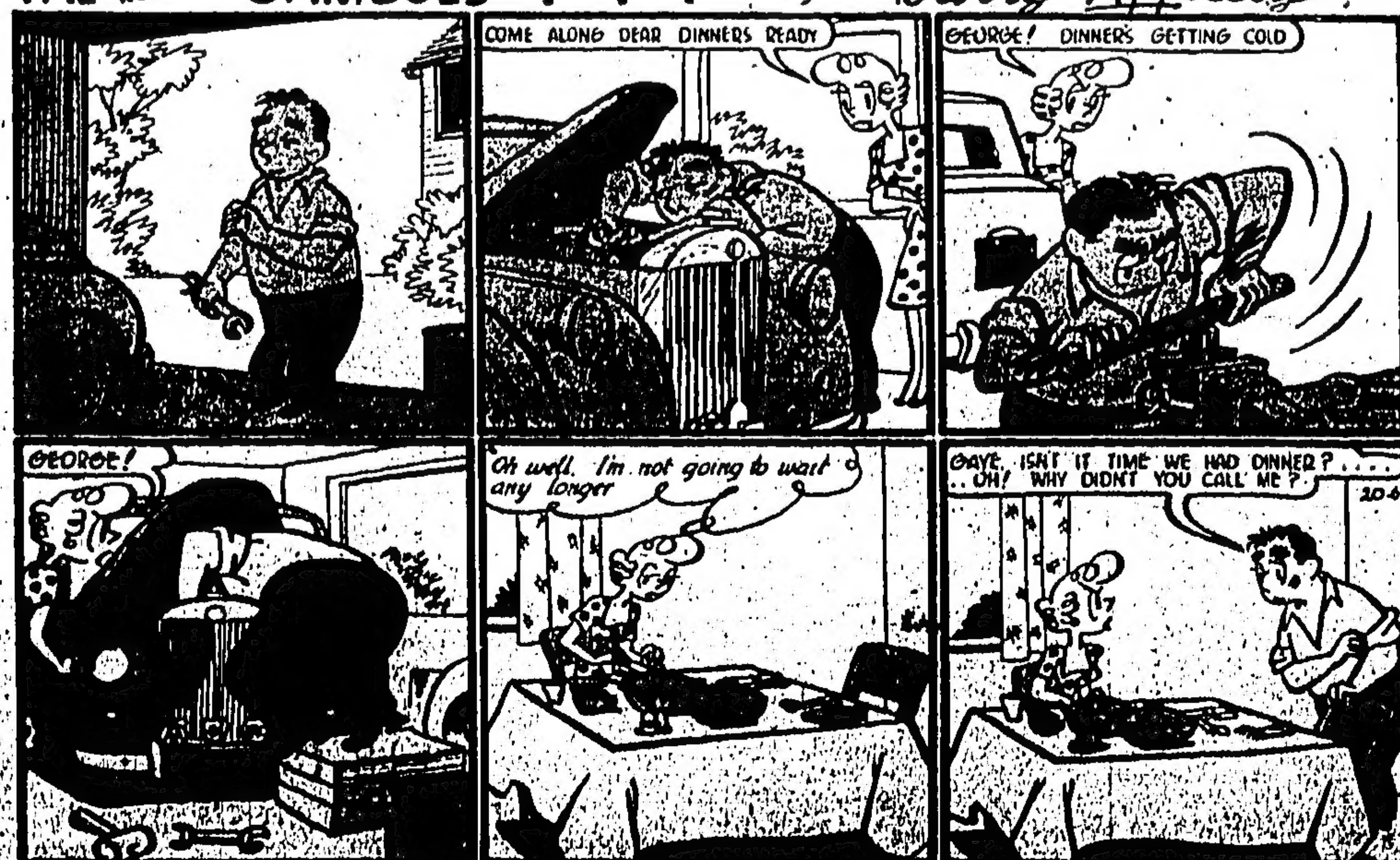
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SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1954.

SHEAFFER'S
ADMIRAL

NEW
SNORKEL
PEN

JOHN CLARKE'S
CASEBOOK

ADVANCE LUGGAGE

THERE is something rather fascinating about sending holiday luggage in advance.

You arrive in a strange room in a strange town, feeling, perhaps, rather lost. And there, looking directly reassuringly at you, like an old friend, is your luggage. You have sent it ahead to see to your comfort, your bags lie the bags that you last saw in more familiar surroundings.

It, on the other hand, luggage sent in advance fails to arrive before you do, then you will know black despair indeed.

HELP YOURSELF

SUCH an experience must have befell an unknown holidaymaker the other day. Some holidaymaker sent ahead to see to your comfort, your bags lie the bags that you last saw in more familiar surroundings.

The blue suitcase had got to further than a London terminus when a seaman named Joe came across it. The case, lying unattended and unopened for so long, Joe, who had in luggage of his own, helped himself.

He walked away, trying to look like a holidaymaker instead of a seaman who for too long had been without a ship. And close on his heels followed a railway policeman.

The policeman had not seen Joe take the case. But an hour or so earlier he had seen the sailor mooching about the station in a furtive, suspicious way, and then he had been without luggage.

"Hey," the policeman called. Joe stopped. "That your bag?" Joe put down the case. "Okay," he said, "you win."

At the Clerk's Court next morning Joe, a little man with pink cheeks and eyes set close together, pleaded guilty to stealing the blue suitcase.

"He also asks for the theft of £12 from a dwelling-house in Birmingham, on the day before this incident, to be taken into consideration," said the officer in charge of the case to Mr. Frank Powell, the magistrate.

PLEASE, YOUR HONOUR

"THAT'S right," said Joe. "There are 14 previous convictions," said the policeman, and began to read the list of crimes Joe had committed in London and Lincoln, Belfast and Nottingham.

"He paid off his last ship in January," the officer said. "Since then, he's been mostly unemployed, but a week ago he started work as a 47-a-week builder's labourer in Birmingham. He came here yesterday after stealing the £12 in Birmingham."

"What do you want to say?" Mr. Powell asked Joe.

"Like you, I look at this," he said, and handed forward a crumpled sheet of paper. "I done a statutory," he explained. The magistrate began to read: "I'm still a young man. I've learnt my lesson. I never been given a chance, therefore your honour be glad if you'd give me one. I don't know what made me do this..."

WANTED

THE magistrate finished reading. "You seem to have committed almost every crime in the calendar," he said. "I'm afraid it is necessary for the protection of society for you to go to prison. You can't be given a better chance than the one you had of having that good job in Birmingham. You must go to Sessions for sentence."

Joe winced. He seemed about to speak, but the officer spoke first. "I should add," he said, "that this man is wanted in Ireland." Joe decided against speaking.

They led him out, and the blue suitcase was taken away to resume its journey to the seaside. It should be there by now, unless someone else has taken a fancy to it en route.

H.K. Exports To China And Indonesia Have Dropped

London, Aug. 6. Lower exports from Hongkong and Malaya to China and Indonesia were a feature of the sterling area's trade in the first quarter of 1954, according to an article published in the Board of Trade journal today.

Compared with the first quarter of 1953 exports from these countries to non-sterling non-dollar destinations were £14 million down, mainly due to lower trade with Indonesia and China, a development which had been most marked in the second half of 1953.

Other sterling countries also showed export setbacks in the first quarter of 1954. Pakistan's exports to non-sterling countries were down £8 million on the corresponding period of 1953, partly owing to a decline in shipments of raw cotton to Japan.

Some increase in exports to non-sterling countries from Australia, where purchases of raw wool by the Soviet Union in the 1953-54 wool season continued to be shipped during the first three months of the year, whereas no wool shipments to this destination were made in the corresponding period in 1953.

Reuter.

Soviet Union Abrogates Orders To Germans

Paris, Aug. 6. The Soviet Union has decided to cancel all orders and regulations promulgated between 1945 and 1953 by the Soviet Military Administration and by the Soviet Control Commission in Germany concerning the political, economic and cultural life of the German Democratic Republic, Tass News Agency announced tonight.

The Soviet statement said that the USSR would establish with East Germany the normal relations between sovereign states in conformity with the recent talks between the two governments.

In abrogating the orders and regulations in Germany since 1945, the Soviet government "took into consideration the desire of the German Democratic Republic to conform to the clauses of the Four Power agreement regarding the democratic and peaceful development of Germany," France-Press.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

SEA MONSTERS

Sir,—With reference to your article, "Fish Tales," which appeared in Wednesday's issue, you mentioned a story of a liner which impaled a shark upon its bows during a voyage through the Red Sea.

The ship was most probably the Royal Mail Liner "Asturias," which was on a voyage from Southampton to Sydney during 1949. The collision occurred when the ship was thirty-six hours out of Aden, and all efforts to shake the creature off were unsuccessful. When the ship arrived in Aden the shark was removed by means of the anchor hoist and was found to measure over thirty-two feet in length. The carcass was disposed of, to some merchants, who probably rendered the liner down for oil.

I can vouch for these facts as I was a member of the ship's company at the time.

NEPTUNE

INDIAN TOWN IN AFRICA

Johannesburg, Aug. 6. The first freehold Indian township in the Transvaal, Lenasia, was proclaimed at Lens today.

The township has about 2,600 stands and is exclusively for Indian ownership and occupation. It will be primarily for residential purposes.—France-Press.

McCarthy Breaks Seal

Washington, Aug. 6. Senator Joseph McCarthy said today he had opened a secret army report and planned to question some of the 30 officers including five Generals named in it.

The Senator said he and members of his Senate investigations Sub-Committee today broke the seal on an envelope containing the report. He said it named the 30 officers as having "active" roles in granting an honorable discharge from the army to Major Irving Peress, a New York dentist whose career as a reserve army officer was investigated by Senator McCarthy last year.

Dr Peress declined to answer questions from Senator McCarthy about whether he had ever had subversive contacts.

Senator Arthur Watkins (Republican, Utah) was today chosen Chairman of the special Senate Committee to look into proposals that Senator McCarthy be censured for conduct unbecoming to a Senator.—Reuter.

CORT GIVEN ASYLUM

Vienna, Aug. 6. Radio Prague tonight announced that the Czechoslovakian government had given the right of asylum to the American Doctor, Joseph Cort, and his wife Ruth now on their way to Czechoslovakia.

The Radio said that the British government had refused to give the couple an extension of their residence permits in Britain where the Doctor was working at Birmingham University.

"The American scientist could not return to the United States because of the persecutions of the Un-American Activities Committee. They had thus asked for asylum in Czechoslovakia and had been granted it," the Radio said, adding that they would be allowed to continue their work.—France-Press.

Derby's Bold Gamble Fails

London, Aug. 6. Derbyshire, desperately in need of 12 points from their match with Gloucestershire to cut Yorkshire's lead in the county cricket championship, made a bold gamble at Chesterfield today.

They declared 116 behind the Gloucestershire's first innings total although with two wickets remaining. The West country side responded by setting them a task. But over anxious, Derby failed in their second innings and were beaten by 60 runs.

This Yorkshire, with four points from their abandoned match with Sussex, edged further away from their rivals with a total of 159 points.

Derbyshire, still with two matches in hand, remain second with 130 points. Surrey, champions in the last two seasons, move up to third place by virtue of their two-day win against Northamptonshire. They have 132 points and since they too have played two games less than the leaders can still make a late challenge.

DEFICIENCIES

The manner of Derbyshire's defeat pinpointed the deficiencies in their otherwise weighty armoury. Gloucestershire were able to build up a first innings score of 308 for six before declaring and so demonstrated that on certain wickets Derby's formidable pace attack cannot carry all the burden. It needs more spin support. Then with Gloucestershire set them the very reasonable task of scoring 314 in 170 minutes. The batting

ATOMIC WARFARE TRAINED TROOPS CAN FULFIL THEIR TASKS

Moscow, Aug. 6. The Soviet Defence Ministry newspaper, Red Star, said today that the study of defence measures against atomic attack showed that well trained troops "can successfully fulfil their military tasks" even in atomic warfare.

The third of a new series of articles on atomic weapons and defence by Professor and Major-General B. Olisov was devoted to the measures against light, heat and radioactive radiation from atomic explosion.

Professor Olisov said any object such as a wall, earthen bank, building or metal armour offered complete protection against the heat and light flash which could cause blindness, burn, exposed skin and set fire to clothing, paper and wooden buildings.

Metal, however, was largely unaffected by the flash as was shown in the Bikini tests where tanks and guns between 600 and 800 yards from the centre of the explosion did not suffer significant damage.

Olisov said the only harmful effect of radioactivity on military equipment was a darkening of glass optical instruments.

INFECTION

Radioactive infection lasted only a few minutes if the explosion was above ground but was more dangerous and prolonged when on or below the surface.

The same effect could be produced by spraying with radioactive liquid, dust or smoke from an aircraft or by artillery fire.

Gas masks and special clothing offering full protection to troops in infected areas but if these were unavailable, a padded garment would protect the mouth and nose, a cape the body and sacking or tarpauline the feet.

DELEGATE TO NORTH VIETNAM

Paris, Aug. 6. The French Cabinet tonight appointed M. Jean Sainteny as French Delegate-General in North Vietnam.

M. Sainteny, as former French High Commissioner in Tonkin, signed the March 6 1948 treaty with Ho Chi-minh. He is 47 years old and has had great experience in the Far East, particularly in Indo-China.

At the end of the war in France during which he took a prominent part in the Resistance Movement, he was sent on a mission to Kunming, China, where he organised operations against the Japanese in northern Indo-China. He entered Indo-China immediately the war ended.

WOUNDED

On October 4, 1945, he was appointed Commissioner of the Republic for Tonkin and Northern Annam. He was very seriously wounded in the rising against the French in Hanoi on December 19, 1946. He returned to France in March, 1947.

The agreement which he signed with Ho Chi-minh on March 6, 1946, enabled the troops of General Leclerc to re-enter Hanoi.—France-Press.

WHO TOOK CURLEY

The culprit was Joan. She proved herself guilty when she mentioned the colour of the kitten—which she couldn't have known, because (1) she said she had never seen the widow's kitten, and (2) Stanley did not tell her it was a ginger kitten.

BALANCED ATTACK

Surrey too should remain in the reckoning. They have perhaps the best balanced attack in their championship. A query still hangs above their batting. A return to form by Peter May would greatly strengthen them.

The fine all-round form of their captain, Willie Woollam, is helping Gloucestershire to stay within striking distance. Woollam opened both the batting and the bowling and made an excellent job of both. His opening partnership with Gilchrist, however, made victory a matter of time. A virtual certainty, in fact, came to pass when

Derbyshire, with four points from their abandoned match with Sussex, edged further away from their rivals with a total of 159 points.

Derbyshire, still with two matches in hand, remain second with 130 points. Surrey, champions in the last two seasons, move up to third place by virtue of their two-day win against Northamptonshire. They have 132 points and since they too have played two games less than the leaders can still make a late challenge.

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The Register of Members of the Company will be closed from the 3rd day of September 1954 to the 17th day of September 1954, both days inclusive.

By Order of the Board, GIBB, LIVINGSTON & COMPANY, LIMITED, Agents.

Hongkong, 5th August, 1954.

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